

Di? R?

MAGAZINE

that extra-extraterrestrial mag from CiTR 101.9 FM
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cover photo of ?NUMB?DAME? by r. Hester

editor's note

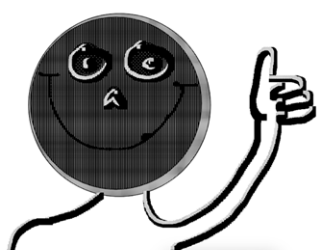


ftentimes, nothing has changed more than your awareness. Comments were first, as something which happened on my page and on other people's pages, but nowhere in between. Here, one-on-one discussions proliferated, but a person can only creep so much. Some comments were missed. Some comments weren't for you. People visited each other's pages and said things like, 'picture comment for picture comment' establishing a kind of foundation. "I will write a nice comment under your picture if you promise to also write something nice under mine," we said. It was nice. The pretense was that the niceness was about you. The truth: the niceness was about the nice person's likability. Comments were dysfunctional in the first place because they felt transactional and too easy and dominated our relationships to the point that we didn't know whether anyone actually liked us, or we actually liked anyone. But it was more profoundly dysfunctional because that pleasure did not come hard-won — it came instantaneously. Comments, by reminding us of the work we hadn't done, made us feel small.

The technology transformed because a few men wanted to make a lot more money. Comments mutated into something much simpler: a thumbs up, a heart, the coin of the realm! We all agreed liking things to be a quantitatively rich response. It's simplicity. It's "me too!" spirit. Being liked was just like niceness; a smiling face whose owner understood they were being judged superficially. It's easy to become melodramatic about this, but it's equally easy to underestimate the impact of a small shift. I can stop anytime I like until I can't. Watch our actions bend toward what is made easy at the expense of what remains hard. A gradual realization: the cycle of rupture and repair is the cost of living. A gradual realization: what attempts to convince you it loves you through flattery does you harm. What teaches you boredom, difficulty, or disagreement is congruent with cruelty* deprives you of power in a world of things. In the world of representation, that which panders to you is not vilified. Also, you never have to leave! You hardly even want to. And I am selfish, I want to hold on to everything.

*Grow some tomatoes,
T.*

** ONE GIANT EXCEPTION: "Disagreements" deployed as a rhetorical shield against acknowledging Israel's genocide and crimes against humanity.*



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DISCORDER

m a g a z i n e



04 ALL ACCESS PASS

the thing between art and politics

06 ?NUMB?DAME?

give us ten million dollars to kill arms dealers

08 Computer

seven minds, one machine: meet Computer

10 Mixed Apes

make something, leave a ghost

12 Adam De Souza

tender anarchy in a four-panel strip

19 Crowd Source

flight as protest, grief as formation

20 Fangirl

photos from Megan Magdalena's exhibit

21 Verboden

have you been?? do you want to go?? well??!

21 Music Waste 2025 Calendar

Don't be late, unless we are



17 JUNE CALENDAR

art by Adela Lynge

18 JULY CALENDAR

art by Zoë Geller-Alford

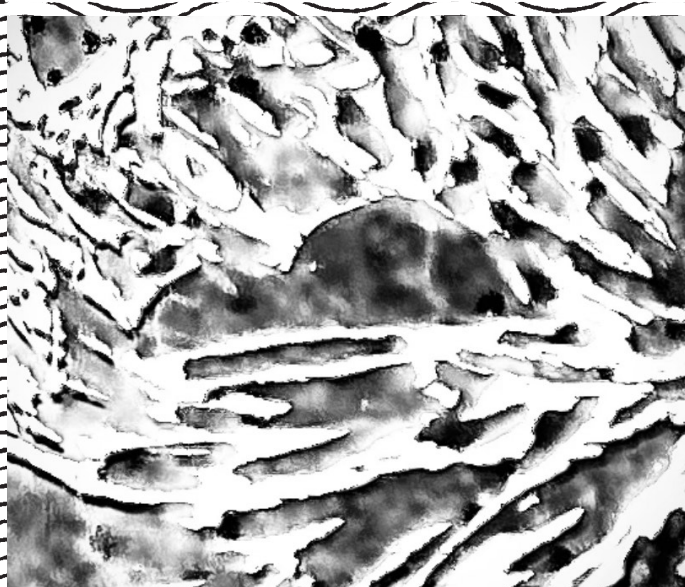
24 UNDER REVIEW

words on music when music isn't enough

29 CiTR's PROGRAMMING GRID

30 CiTR's PROGRAMMING GUIDE

31 MAY 2025 CHARTS!!!



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THE COIN OF THE REALM

or some contributor bios of June-July 2025

MARGO BALTZAN

substack.com/@margoggles :)

ELODIE VAUDANDAINE

Elodie Vaudandaine is a third-year student in the UBC-Sciences Po dual degree program who changes her major every week. She enjoys art and political philosophy.

GABRIEL BELL

From Southern California, Gabriel (he/him) is a long-time music fan with a record of listening to a new album every day for the last two years and a taste for everything, but a penchant for hip-hop, 50's-60's jazz, and world/historical music, among tons of other genres. Some of his favorite albums are Kendrick Lamar's *Mr.Morale and the Big Steppers*, Saba's *CARE FOR ME* and Jordi Savall's *Llibre Vermell de Montserrat*.

YSABEL GANA

is a visual artist working and living in so-called vancouver.

KAIRN ZHOU

passionate about: webtools, Adventure Time, the growing season when accompanied by helping hands. @_kairning

BILLIE CULLEN

A multimedia artist writing a love letter to so-called Vancouver. Cullen maintains that "A *Discorder* a day keeps the doctor away".

ALISTAIR HENNING

A portrait and event photographer based in downtown Vancouver. For a full portfolio and list of exhibitions & awards, visit www.AlistairHenning.com

GILLIAN BIRDSONG

multimedia traditional artist

KALENA MACKIEWICZ

Illustrator with *Discorder* since 2016, being a weirdo around Vancouver since 2004.

MARK LYNCH

Vancouver resident and writer/DJ from Dublin with a passion for deep, dusty, and downtempo music. Founder of Deeper Grooves, a creative project, blog, and radio show exploring themes of creativity, music, and positive mental health. Founding member of the long-standing, London-based electronic music collective and party series, Allow the Groove

SCOTIA BARRY

Scotia is a self-taught artist based in Richmond, BC. Unlike most, she began her artistic journey just two years ago, shortly after graduating University with a degree in Psychology. Wanting to explore other interests before pursuing Grad school, she ended up securing a job working on a Production team for a local Animation studio. This is where she was introduced to the Creative industry and became privy to the endless possibilities that existed within it. Coming from virtually zero artistic knowledge, she knew it would be difficult to start from scratch in such a competitive field. However, her newfound passion for illustration and concept art was so strong that the decision to dive in was a no-brainer. Since then, both Scotia and her art have grown at a spectacular rate in such a short amount of time, and she is so grateful to feel a sense of belongingness in this world. Scotia's inclination towards her art primarily focuses on themes of dreamy pensiveness and the darker, more erratic sides of human emotion. She hopes to utilize her passions in Psychology and Art, as well as her introspective and emotionally intuitive nature to create impactful pieces that spark the reflection of oneself.

SOPHIA FUNK

Sophia Funk is an illustrator who enjoys long walks on the beach, stretching out her spine, and drawing girlish figures with secretive eyes -`♡`-

SOFIA VANEGAS

UBC undergraduate, aspiring writer, Discorder Archives assistant, and wizard in training <3 (they/them)

GRACE CARUSO

Grace Caruso: I am a second year political science student and play guitar in Scarlet Fever :)

JESS LEE

Jess Lee is an undergraduate student at the University of British Columbia, majoring in English Literature and Creative Writing. A passionate poet, Lee channels his love for language and storytelling into his creative work, crafting poetry that delves into themes of identity, emotion, and cultural expression. Lee is also the host of "Jess' Lit," a literature/music radio show for CiTR. On the show, he explores the nature between written and musical art forms, highlights emerging and established creative works, and engages with comforting conversations about the transformative power of storytelling and sound.

DANI YOUR DARLING

Propagandist, poet, and pomelo connoisseur. spectacle and spectator. solidarity is a verb! read! wear a well fitted respirator mask! free Palestine!

ELITA MENEZES

Elita (she/her) is a student in the Faculty of Arts at UBC. She writes in various forms with a particular interest in screenwriting and fiction. When she's not working on a piece, you can find her watching cringey television or speed-reading a book she had to finish for class last week.

JAY BALLACK

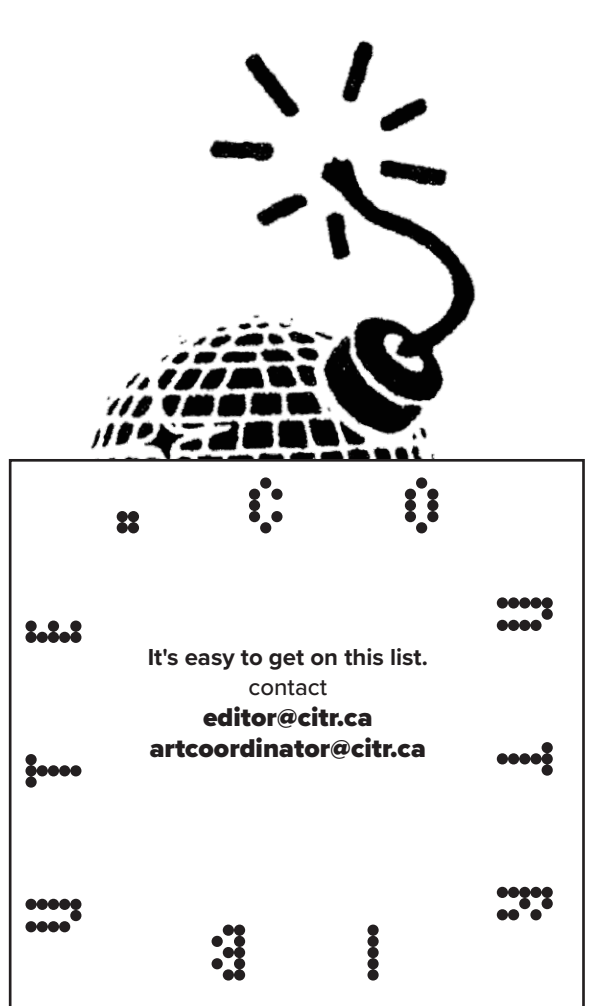
Fervent emo defender and creek enthusiast. losing my taste for the night life despite a well-documented history of dancing in the light, holding in the light.

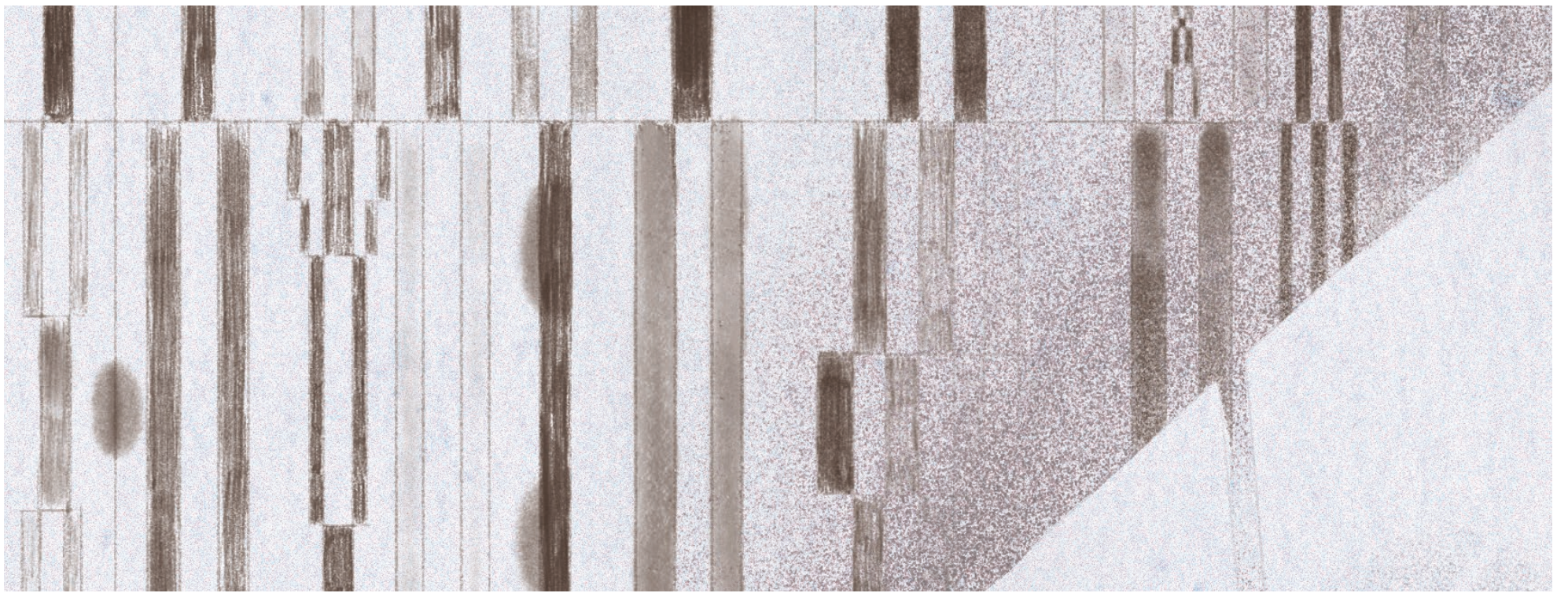
R. HESTER

still waiting for the tornado.

DANIEL RENTON BRAND

Photographer / Cinematographer immersed in the local music scene, capturing moments with a distinct eye.





all access pass no.2

the thing between art and politics

ft. Stefan Sunandan Honisch

words by Nicole Yeung
illustration by Ysabel Gana

Lately, I have been wondering if art belongs in politics, and conversely, if politics can be separated from art. I know I'm not some revolutionary thinker for considering these questions, this is a question that most artistically inclined people wrestle with at some point. Still, I can't help but wonder why it remains such a polarizing issue. Where does the discourse split? What exactly is preventing us from fully understanding the relationship between art and politics?

There is even more complexity to be considered when factoring in marginalized artists. Is their art irreparably political in virtue of their presence in spaces that have historically excluded them? I'm specifically thinking about artists with disabilities compared to their able-bodied peers. The latter often have the privilege of access — something disabled artists must continually navigate and confront within the same artistic spaces. Accessible spaces to create art, the appropriate tools, or even, an art education that considers the needs of physical or learning disabilities. Artists with disabilities have no choice but to go above and beyond to find the appropriate resources. Oftentimes, these accessible resources are both difficult to find and costly to source and maintain.

An artist with a disability can only create within the context of securing the necessary resources to make their work possible. As a result, they inevitably confront political issues of access in the creative process — challenges that able-bodied artists often bypass without a second thought. The context in which art is created becomes

inseparable from its history, its being. So, we are faced with the question: can art be separated from politics? And maybe more importantly: should it be?

My knee-jerk reaction is no. Art is a human endeavor, and humans exist within political structures that shape how we live and work. I believe the context in which art is created is just as important as the artwork itself. To understand an artwork's history and context is to more fully grasp its place and purpose in the world.

I recognize that this belief is not without consequence. If we are to accept that art is inherently political, a distinction is defined between marginalized and non-marginalized artists. There would be a barrier of acknowledgement that artists with disabilities and able-bodied artists create work within different contexts, and I worry in holding that belief, there places an onus on disabled artists to only make political work. I worry this suggests artists with disabilities cannot separate their identity from their art.

I want to believe these things can be intertwined in a way which posits collective responsibility. Or, I want to know that art can transcend politics in a manner that does not discount the importance of context. I must find the point of tension in why art and politics simultaneously feels so close, yet so far apart.

I wanted to consult an expert on the matter, and one conveniently fell into my inbox (as most of these interviewees seem to). Stefan Sunandan Honisch was introduced to me

as an interview candidate for Access Day — an accessibility programming event hosted yearly at CiTR. I had the opportunity to interview him for a radio segment about his journey from being a disabled student to becoming a disabled professor, and how his experiences with accessibility evolved throughout his academic career.

When I asked Stefan how he likes to introduce himself in professional contexts, he responded with: “a disabled researcher, educator, and musician,” and he clarified that the order of nouns shift depending on context, though emphasized ‘disabled’ almost always precedes any words he uses to describe himself. The reason why Stefan is firm about introducing himself as disabled-first is that he is prepared for access and accessibility to be an ongoing struggle. He told me, in introducing himself as disabled first signals a preparedness to navigate an able-bodied system. He also believes that access is a collective struggle — one that disabled people should not face individually — and by calling himself disabled, he invites able-bodied people to explore access solutions with him.

This response was interesting to me. When I have spoken to other people with disabilities in the past about why they choose to identify with disability-first language, the common response has been that their disability has been central to their lived experience. Choosing to call themselves disabled students, professionals, people, is a form of reclaiming the word disabled. The disabled folks I have spoken to have told me that choosing to put disabled first is empowering.

Stefan departs from this explanation, his decision to choose disability-first language was not necessarily one out of individual empowerment (although I'm sure that may be an aspect,) rather it is one based out of the desire to address the accessibility elephant in the room. He understands that introducing himself as disabled before any other title has implications for how he interacts with an able-bodied world, and that he wants to get ahead of any potential accessibility issues.

I couldn't help but wonder if Stefan's extensive research and writing about critical disability theory had influenced this decision. So, I asked about PhD thesis, and he told me he had written about Nobuyuki Tsuji; a successful pianist who Stefan found completely by coincidence. Nobuyuki Tsuji, a pianist from Japan, tied for first in the prestigious Van Cliburn International Piano Competition in 2009. Also, Tsuji is blind, and Van Cliburn is not a competition designated for artists with disabilities. What made Tsuji so interesting to Stefan was not his disability, but that Tsuji vehemently rejected being labelled as a blind pianist.

For Stefan, one of Tsuji's most striking quotes was: “I am not a blind pianist, but a pianist who happens to be blind.” This sentence was impactful for its historical significance, but also its cultural implications. When explaining to me why Tsuji's statement was so important, Stefan cited George Shearing, a famous jazz pianist in the 20th century (of jazz standard “Lullaby of Birdland” fame) who used almost identical language. Shearing did not view



his blindness as a disability, but rather as some challenges that he managed to adapt to. Perhaps Tsuji felt the same way.

I couldn't help but feel that Shearing's attitude in rejecting disability language had an air of disdain for disability. The sense I got was that in refusing to call it what it is, disability becomes a thing to work through, as opposed to a structural issue the world should address. It becomes an individual endeavour of "pulling up ones bootstraps" and gritting teeth to exist in an able-bodied world, instead of asking the rest of the world to consider some easy-to-provide accommodations.

Why do artists reject labels of disability, especially when attached to their art? Stefan and I concluded that perhaps it's because they want their art to transcend. We want art to be a sacred practice, one that can be immune from discourse around power structures, injustice, and hierarchies. We want to believe that there is a universal human language that we can all understand — that there is something in art that can unify us.

This is where the tension lies. When I ask if art can ever be independent of politics, we descend into tricky territory for artists who have marginalized experiences. On one hand, there are those who believe their art can transcend politics. On the other, there are those who hold their politics as central to their work.

There are two kinds of culture: mainstream culture and counterculture. Counterculture

exists for those who have traditionally been excluded from mainstream culture. Disability arts and culture is a form of counterculture, it provides spaces for those with accessibility needs to critically discuss art through a lived experience with disability. In rejecting ones' disability identity or believing that art can transcend any politic, there is a sort of rejection of counterculture.

This is where I get stuck. I believe that individuals don't have obligations to be a part of the groups they categorically fit into, even marginalized groups. But I can't help but feel a strong sense of duty to the countercultures that I am a part of. The spaces that have been created, shaped, and molded to support and uplift people with similar lived experiences to mine. I cannot imagine being a marginalized person and not feeling drawn to those groups. And, somehow still, there are marginalized individuals with the exact opposite convictions as mine.

I asked Stefan if he thinks art and politics can ever be separated. He told me that when he was writing his PhD, he thought absolutely not. Now, he's uncertain. I asked what's changed between then and now, and he tells me, "I think what's changed for me is my relationship to my disability and identity, that relationship or that connection, but also, the sense of distance between these two things — depending on the context. A horribly long way of responding to your question about why it is that I feel uncertain now is because of the scholars I read. Just quite transparently because of my own political leanings to the

left and politics in relation to the collective good — the public good. And I think what comes with that is an understanding not only of politics as [...] our individual preferences in political parties, but how, when we vote — according to some present-day thinkers at least — we should be thinking about other people. Now, my uncertainty is because I think that music and politics can connect through a relationship of distance."

I won't lie, Stefan's answer was not very satisfying to me. I wanted a concrete, tangible piece of information about what exactly changed Stefan's mind about this relationship between art and politics. In the same way scientists reverse-engineer diseases to produce antibodies for vaccines, I wanted a formula with a variable that I could pluck from Stefan's lived experience which would reveal some hidden truth. Instead, I learned that Stefan's answer had changed because of his evolving personal relationship with disability and because he had read various scholars who convinced him to question his convictions.

It's worth noting that the shift between "arts and politics are inseparable" to 'art has the ability to transcend politics' is not a radical one. He is still the same Stefan with the same values he had over nine years ago, though shifted ever-so-slightly. He seemed unsure when he gave me his answer and explanation, iffy about certainties. Nevertheless, he was no longer certain that art and politics are irreconcilable.

I'm not sure how to articulate what I learned from my conversation with Stefan,

especially since I didn't leave with any new insights about the relationship between art and politics. And yet, I walked away with something intangible — a sense that maybe I won't always see things the way I do now. That the more I search for answers, the more uncertain I might become. That I'll walk away from the defined lines of my stubborn conviction and towards a fuzzy sense of...maybe. ☺

?NUMB?DAME?

I met ?NUMB?DAME? on a Sunday at Red Gate Arts Society, a place I like to describe as both a home and a headache. It's grimey and dingy and the door people are always mad for some reason. The walls are crusted in stickers and graffiti layered so thickly you can't tell what's covering what anymore. Every surface has been touched by someone: a band member, a showgoer, some guy with a Sharpie. Still, it is the heart of the punk scene, an iconic hideaway for outsider youth and people who enjoy live music.



We started our conversation in the back hallway near the door to the smoking patio, sitting across from each other on two sunken couches as bands loaded in and soundchecked around us. We wondered who was playing tonight, as people walked back and forth with guitar cases, as we sat, annoyingly in their way.

It was here at *Fresh Meat* that Scarlet Fever played our first real show, alongside, blessedly, ?NUMB?DAME?. We played the Dyke March with them the day before. It was a weekend in July marked by sweat and new friends.

Ever since that weekend they had become a very special band to me, a band that symbolized the first of many things; first show, first band we played with, my first glimpse into the Vancouver DIY scene: chaotic, hilarious, radically kind. I'd kept up with them on social media, but we hadn't played a show with them since. During their set I remember thinking, "I don't know what's happening, but this is awesome."

?NUMB?DAME? started as a joke. Literally. Grace Mural and Cameryn Sunshine, long term theatre friends, decided to form a band while coming down from an acid trip in Mural's basement, 12 hours in. I

GIVE US TEN MILLION DOLLARS TO KILL ARMS DEALERS: THE SINCERITY OF ?NUMB?DAME?
WORDS BY GRACE CARUSO
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GILLIAN BIRDSONG
PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. HESTER

know, pretty classic rockstar story. I'm not making this up. "Cameryn was lying on the floor playing my bass," Mural recalls. "We decided to start a band that was bad on purpose. Same set every time, same scripted fight. Just the worst, most unhinged punk band you've ever seen."

And for a little bit, they were. But then something strange happened: they got good. "I suggested Nunny Fame first," said Mural. "Cameryn rightfully said this is terrible," and thus the band landed on ?NUMB?DAME?.

"We are in a scene where people are really fucking good," says Mural. ?NUMB?DAME? changed. Still comedic, but intentional, punk but somewhat polished. "Sincere but not serious," as Mural puts it.

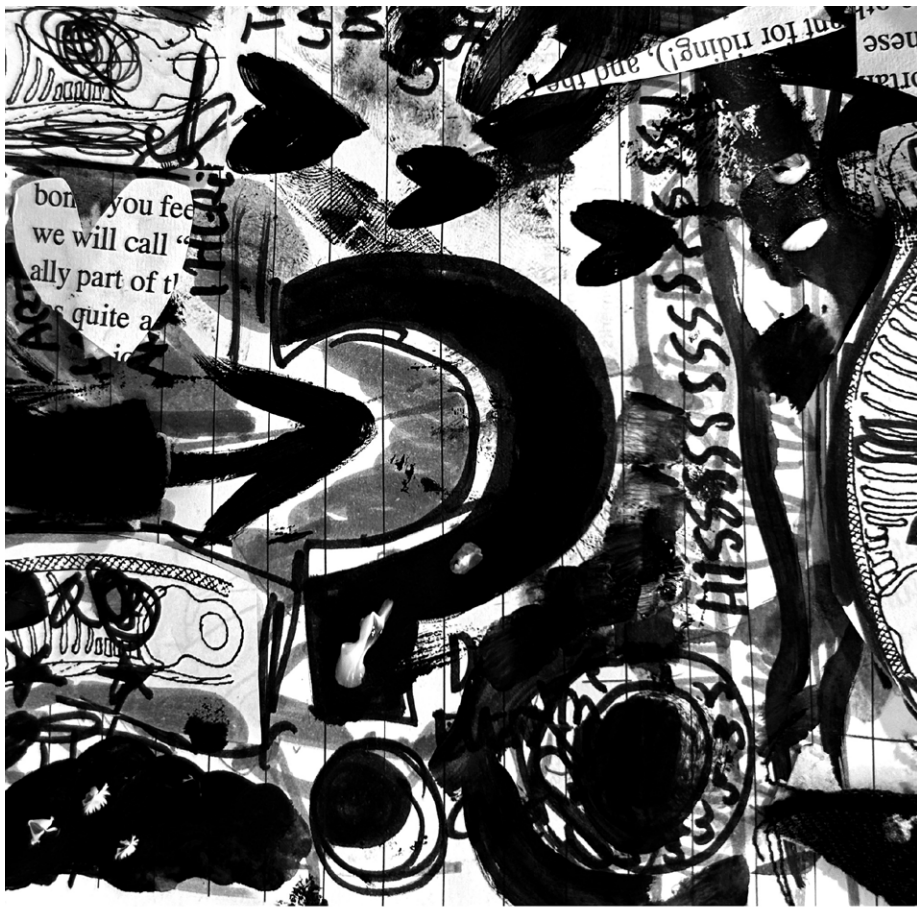


Still, something was missing. The Zaniac joined on drums nine months later, after the original drummer didn't work out. They found him jamming in another Red Gate room. Sunshine accidentally sent a group text — meant just for Mural — asking if the Zaniac should be the long-term drummer.

The answer was yes. Since then, the trio has locked into a rhythm, comfortable with playing improvised jam sets.

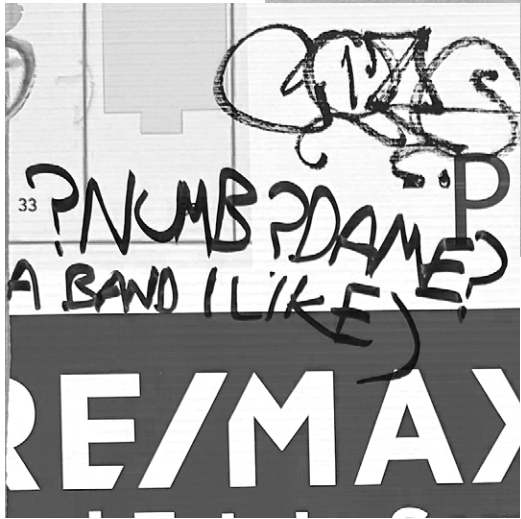
"We all have drastically different musical influences," says Sunshine. "We're arguably pulling the band in three directions at once."





Hardcore pop, a term they coined half-jokingly, is what lands in the middle. Mural's pop singer-songwriter instincts crash against Sunshine's punk influences and Zaniac's ecstatic experimentation. "I think you can make an argument that hardcore pop hits on something about how we create," says Sunshine. "It's popular music filtered through the ethos of punk." Still, Zaniac is genre-agnostic. "Anything the three of us create together is ?NUMB?DAME?, regardless of genre," he says.

Mural's approach to lyrics and performance is rooted less in music than in movies, language, and life. "English is a super mean and negative language," they say. "Everything is defined by what it isn't. Like, instead of saying 'never kill yourself,' why can't we just say 'be alive?'"



For Mural, sincerity is about embracing the messy and having fun. "If you take yourself seriously, it's frustrating when something goes wrong. But my favorite parts are when the amp cuts out or my voice cracks."

"A part of not taking yourself seriously is that live, it is fun for us," says Mural. The three of them emphasize how ?NUMB?DAME? "exists with the audience there," but also speak of their gratitude for playing some shows to just the other bands, reaffirming: "I am here because I love music and I love playing music with my friends," says Mural.



When I ask how this LP differs from the three songs they currently have out, Zaniac replies, "They're good."

"I can sing," Mural adds.

"I can play bass," says Sunshine.

The earlier tracks were written and recorded piece by piece. This time, the songs were written collaboratively and recorded live off the floor, in full takes. Their influences for the record? Themselves. And the feeling of playing in the same room. They speak of a bonding drive to Kelowna, being one

of the greatest memories they have as a band. They listened to Brat, Alice Coltrane, G.L.O.S.S., Tony Allen, and *Thriller*. And it's all in there, somewhere.

That album, titled *give us ten million dollars to kill arms dealers*, is the band's most cohesive and collaborative work yet. It was recorded at Blue Light Studios with engineer Pherbie Midgley over four days.

When I asked if they felt supported by the scene, Grace Mural didn't hesitate: "I think big bands should play with small bands more often." That's it. Otherwise, "it feels very reciprocal."

Sunshine added, "I think the fact that we are a band with visibly trans people in it has probably affected us to some degree." Still, "the fact that people come to our shows is an incomprehensible privilege." They could be at home, "plugged into three different TikTok feeds," Sunshine said. "They could be watching VR pornography and instead they come to the ?NUMB?DAME? Show." That needs to be put on a T-shirt.

But Mural pointed out the imbalance: "It does disappoint me that invariably white dude-bro bands will be playing more shows and there will be more of them — and they

"People assume being cool is the same thing as being detached, and not caring," Sunshine says. "The most inspiring punk bands to me were the ones who were just achingly political and completely honest about what they believe."

Zaniac adds, "I don't think we've left our bubble enough to feel the backlash yet. But with this album, I feel like maybe we will." The most beautiful and real thing I witnessed during my sit-down with ?NUMB?DAME? was the unprompted and desperately relatable doubts shared by the Zaniac about the upcoming album:

"I fear that it won't live up to its title, that it's not aggressive or pointed enough. Does it deserve to be called *give us ten million dollars to kill arms dealers* when it's really just kind of like a pleasant punk pop album?" Mural hits back rapidly with song titles to prove the album's aggressiveness. "Yeah but you're still grooving," the Zaniac replies. The room erupts! "THAT'S THE POINT!" Sunshine and Mural both exclaim with excitement.

"The point of punk music is that being political is not being sad... it's about creating music to give you energy to do something. The revolution is fun — it has to be fun," says Sunshine.

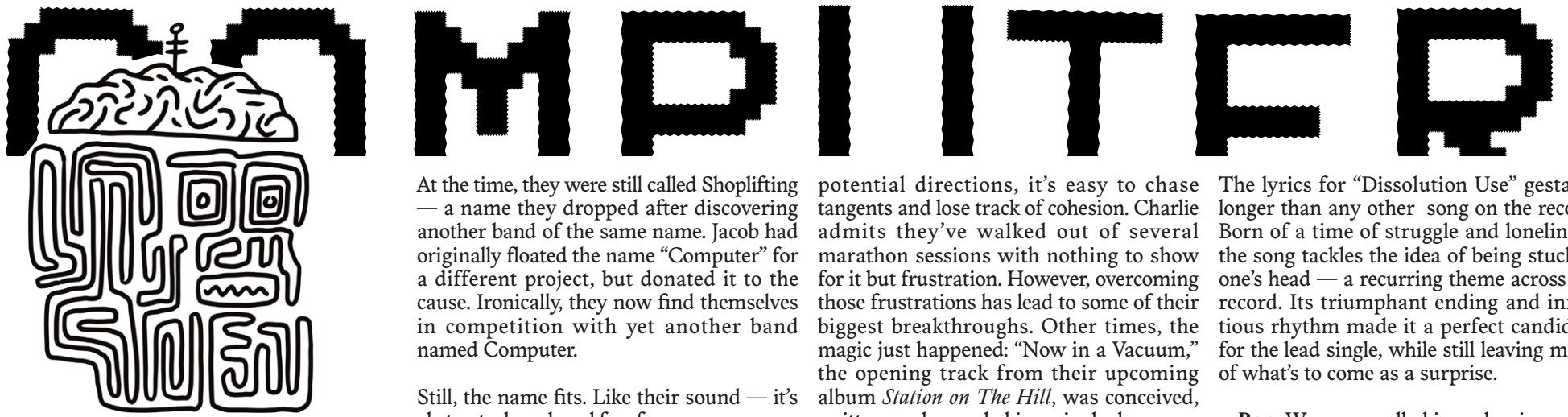
will be good, because they have access to these things. I wish a lot of the cishet white people were aware of this."

When it comes to being a political band in 2025, they draw a connection between that and something as simple as "being a band where you are a woman talking about your feelings."

"I think sincerity is something that is really easy to laugh at, especially if you are expressing an emotion that isn't necessarily super socially acceptable or puts you in a position of vulnerability," says Sunshine.

They've seen people laugh during the band's land acknowledgment, which includes Sudan, Palestine, and ongoing colonial projects across the imperial world. It was taken after adrienne maree brown, who offered a collective prayer for all those suffering globally.

"Well cause like, fuck — we aren't gonna make a better world unless we believe it's true. And to believe it's true, we have to have hope and faith, and we have to love each other," says Mural "...we have to put a groovy beat behind it," the Zaniac adds. That's ?NUMB?DAME?. Messy, militant, sincere. Creating because they have to. Laughing in the face of detachment. Writing punk music for people, including themselves, who still believe in something, even if it's just each other. ☺



I SAT DOWN WITH SIX-SEVENTHS OF COMPUTER IN FRONTMAN BEN'S APARTMENT — A TRUE ARTIST'S DEN, WHERE THE INFLUENCES PRACTICALLY SCREAMED AT YOU. FILM AND BAND POSTERS LINED THE WALLS, GEAR SPILLED ACROSS THE DESKS, AND USED BOOKS FILLED EVERY FLOATING SHELF IN SIGHT.

Computer is Ben Lock (guitar/vocals), Kenan Gray (synth/sampler), Ricky Sanderson (drums), Charlie Howell (guitar), Jackson Bell (sax/sampler), Jacob Pepin (bass), and Hudson Schelesny (percussion.) Hudson, also the producer and engineer, was the one member not present for the interview.

The project first took shape in 2023, when casual jam sessions between Ben and Hudson started sounding suspiciously cohesive. From there, the lineup grew organically through an open-door policy among friends. Ben and Charlie met through repeat run-ins at gigs, Ben and Jacob connected at Rufus Guitar Shop, and Ricky had played with Ben in a previous band. Jackson, on the other hand, was practically headhunted.

Ben: I saw Jackson on Instagram. He was playing saxophone and wearing a Black Midi hat. I figured, “this guy might fuck with our music,” so I hit him up.

In the early jam days, Zach Wismer filled the synth role, but eventually stepped back due to other projects. Enter Kenan, who'd known Ben and Hudson since high school, and had already produced the band's debut single, “Weird New Vocation.” With him in the fold, the seven-piece lineup clicked into place.

The band's first show — still their smallest crowd to date — wasn't even supposed to happen where it did. They were booked at the Astoria, but a last-minute plumbing disaster forced them to scramble.

Jacob: We got there to load in and Ben got a call from the promoter saying, “Yo, this pipe's been leaking in the venue all day and we can't do the show,” and we're like, “and you're just telling us now?”

Fortunately, a backup space — “The Spot” at New Age Doom Studio — was available, albeit at a much smaller scale, but they made it work. The crowd packed in, the vibe clicked, and the project was born.

At the time, they were still called Shoplifting — a name they dropped after discovering another band of the same name. Jacob had originally floated the name “Computer” for a different project, but donated it to the cause. Ironically, they now find themselves in competition with yet another band named Computer.

Still, the name fits. Like their sound — it's abstract, absurd, and free from genre preconceptions. A blank slate which demands you listen before making sense of it.

Each member is well travelled within the Vancouver DIY scene. Bandmates can be recognized as past & present alumni from la lune, Warmbelly, Girls Nails, Infidelity, Feedlot, Goodwife, Tall Mary, among a host of others.

They've shared bills with well-known Vancouver acts such as Ears, Piss, NATLAK, and Spank Williams, and even opened for Wand at The Pearl.

Ben: The scene's in a cool place right now. A lot of the bands don't sound like each other, but share some heavy DNA.

While the group bonds over their shared love of Death Grips, Slauson Malone I, King Krule, and Hella, a key ingredient to their unique sonic palette is their eclectic array of individual influences, ranging all the way from Mats Gustafsson to YHWH Nailgun, Godspeed You! Black Emperor, and even Sabrina Carpenter.

The most obvious comparisons to the band's sound are in that of the U.K.'s Windmill scene — early Black Country, New Road; Black Midi; Squid; and Maruja. Chaotic sax-filled post-punk with lots of band members.

Ben: There's seven of us, so I totally get it. I also fuck with those bands heavily. I think it was inevitable to end up in a project where I could channel those influences.

Ricky: I think it's cool we're at least in the conversation with bands like that.

Computer's songs have always existed in a fluid state, evolving through practices, performances, and the occasional live flub that just stuck. Ben formed a sizable chunk of the lyrics through on-the-spot vocal improv — originally a workaround for forgotten lines, but now a core tenet of the band's ethos. These moments, once random, now carry new weight when revisited.

Ben: I try to run with everything — all these ideas — push them the farthest I can, and strip it back later.

The music itself has always come first, often born from intimate jam sessions within the confines of a bedroom — Hudson on an electric drum kit, Ben on guitar. Demos would emerge, which the rest of the band would learn and build upon through improvisation during rehearsals.

That same spontaneity and creativity, though liberating, can prove to be a double-edged sword in the studio. With so many

potential directions, it's easy to chase tangents and lose track of cohesion. Charlie admits they've walked out of several marathon sessions with nothing to show for it but frustration. However, overcoming those frustrations has led to some of their biggest breakthroughs. Other times, the magic just happened: “Now in a Vacuum,” the opening track from their upcoming album *Station on The Hill*, was conceived, written, and recorded in a single day.

Charlie: You put Jackson's Hydroflask in the drum kit, and then just went to town.

Kenan: Ricky, Hudson and I were there for like five, six hours. Ben and Charlie went out to do something for a couple hours and...

Ben: We came back, and they were in a frenzy!

Charlie: They were like cavemen who'd just discovered fire.

While the process is experimental, recurring themes and visual motifs emerged across the record — broken glass is mentioned in two songs and car doors in several. Some were accidental; others deliberately echoed once noticed. Ben leaned into these throughlines during sequencing, creating intentional moments of resonance.

Ricky: If an idea keeps rearing its head, it's probably pretty true to what you're experiencing while those lyrics are coming out of you.

Thematically, the record orbits questions of perception, memory, and the struggle to break out of one's own head. “Concrete Vehicles,” for instance, offers the image of being buried in a car under cement.

Ben: The image of going somewhere and then being stuck is kinda the way it feels to be living in your head. It's hard to move forward and get past certain periods because you're overlooking everything — feeling that there's something in the way you can't avoid.

Despite the introspection, the lyrics are laced with dry humour and theatrical delivery — often added just to make Hudson laugh. A standout example is the now-beloved line from “Weird New Vocation” about “a Costco sample of modernist reality,” which rides the edge between absurdity and truth.

Ben's love of film also filters into his songwriting. Several tracks follow a cinematic structure, and many adopt character perspectives — like the “business bro” in “Weird New Vocation,” who is both satirized and humanized in the same breath.

Ben: Oftentimes when people write about other people they end up writing more about themselves. I've learned a lot about myself through putting myself in different shoes.

The lyrics for “Dissolution Use” gestated longer than any other song on the record. Born of a time of struggle and loneliness, the song tackles the idea of being stuck in one's head — a recurring theme across the record. Its triumphant ending and infectious rhythm made it a perfect candidate for the lead single, while still leaving much of what's to come as a surprise.

Ben: We were really big on leaving some of the hardest-hitting explosive moments for the album, so they hit hard on the first listen.

The band released “Dissolution Use” on May 6th in tandem with a music video — shot in the very apartment we conducted our interview. Ben promises more videos to come as the album rolls out in the coming months.

Ben: I'm saying that so I remember, and now I'll have to hold myself to it.

The group was fortunate to serve as the guinea pigs for the Green Auto Recording Studio — recording their album during a three-month residency while the studio was still under construction. In true DIY fashion, they utilized whatever the studio had to offer.

Charlie: They dropped off a Wurlitzer while we were playing — just walked in with it like, “here you go. You guys can use this.” It was amazing.

It even has a fully-functional kitchen, though Jacob remarks the record was mostly fueled by A&W.

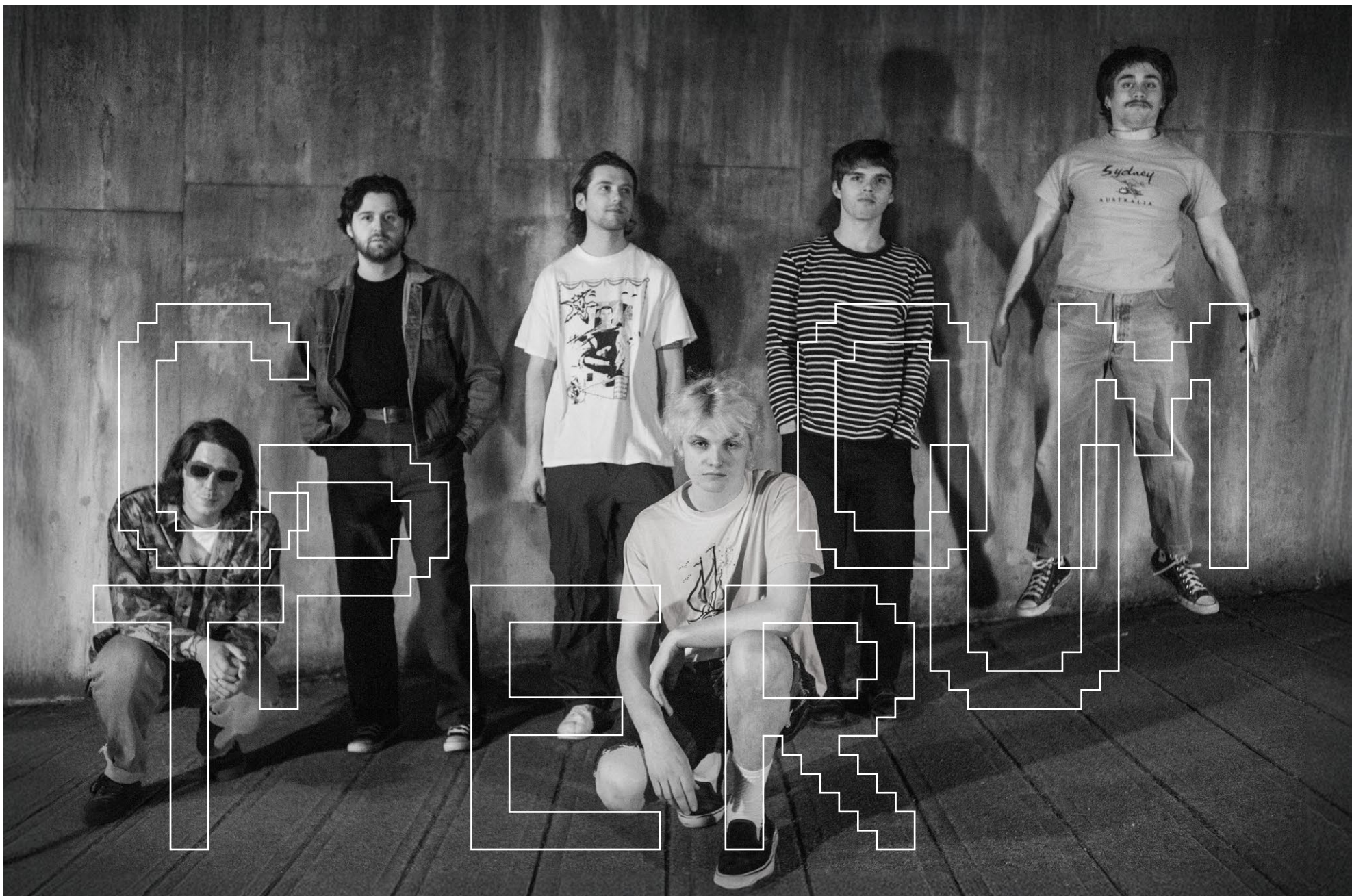
Jackson: I hope people who've seen us live are surprised by how different the recorded versions are. Layers of synths and saxophones — it's more than what we could possibly do live. On some of the songs, there are parts I don't think people have ever heard.

Ricky: Things that could never cut through a live mix.

Lovers of the album format will find a series of cathartic hills and valleys across the record as the 7 distinct tracks blend into each other, ascending from a vacuum to a hill.

Ben: Sequencing is the most important thing to me about making an album. We all put in a lot of effort to make it a





WORDS BY MATT SCHMIDT | ILLUSTRATIONS BY KALENA MACKIEWICZ | PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL RENTON BRAND

really good listen — and we still are. The sequencing [might] change a little bit, but it's pretty set in stone right now.

Computer's debut album, *Station On The Hill*, is slated for release June 27th.

After experiencing them exclusively in a live setting, longtime fans will soon be hearing these songs in studio form for the first time — though in the near future, there will be a reversal. New listeners attending their first live gig after encountering the studio versions.

Computer's improvisational style and stage antics ensure no two performances are alike. The ending of "I'll Follow" often coalesces with a belligerent saxophone solo from Jackson, and Ben working his way into the crowd to deliver the cathartic repetitive refrain.

Ben: We also fool around with ways to open the set, or extend certain passages and do interludes to make things flow into each other unexpectedly. We're always trying to improve and contextualize our set.

While they admit a click track would make playing their more technically demanding songs exceptionally easier, they agree the restrictions would outweigh the benefit.

Jackson: We like to keep certain sections purposefully unexpected, even for ourselves. If we start adding a click in the monitor or backing track to play to, we may lose some of that.

Despite the chaos inherent to live improv within a seven-piece band, Computer has mostly avoided on-stage disasters — barring the occasional broken string, forgotten keyboard, or strobe-light mishap. Even an ill-fated gig of mismatched vibes at The Vault in Nanaimo, when sandwiched between acoustic singer-songwriters turned into a hilariously memorable set.

Ben: We were definitely pulling up to a bunch of people drinking kombucha, ready to have a chill evening, and we kinda turned up. People were definitely leaving.

Jacob: The Vault felt like the vibe I imagine it would have been to play the Central Perk on Friends.

Ricky: Peace and love to The Vault. It's a really good place for a lower key vibe.

Charlie: They also do lunch. I went back another time and got a BLT.

Ben: Some people liked it. It paid surprisingly well though, and we had so much fun. We felt like we crushed too.

Jacob: My grandma came to that show. She brought two friends and they were loving it.

As of the conducting of this interview, the band had never performed a gig further than Vancouver Island. But by the time this interview is published, they will have several shows in Ontario and Quebec under their belt after completing a short tour with Worrywart. Later this summer,

the band is playing two sets at Sled Island in Calgary, and will appear at Khatsahlano in Vancouver.

Ben: I'd love to do a Tiny Desk Concert — throwing that out into the universe. Hopefully Bob Boilen over at NPR is reading *Discorder* these days.

Their art may be improvised, but their artistry is no accident. What began as a loose collection of jam sessions and shared instincts has evolved into a genuinely exciting force in Vancouver's DIY scene — one that embraces uncertainty as a creative engine. Their music never sits still. It coils and expands, bends and snaps, leaving just enough room for discovery, for reinvention, for getting it wrong before finding something undeniable.

With *Station on the Hill*, Computer offers a fractured, intimate portrait of anxiety, perception, and the search for meaning — stitched together with reverb, distortion, and just the right amount of humour. It's music built in real time by a band that thrives on the thrill of the moment. If their shows are anything to go by, there's no telling where they'll go next — only that it'll be loud, a little unhinged, and absolutely theirs. ©

COMPUTER ALBUM RECOMMENDATIONS

Ben
Blonde ► Frank Ocean
Yank Crime ► Drive Like Jehu
In A Silent Way ► Miles Davis

Charlie
S/T ► The Velvet Underground and Nico
Daydream Nation ► Sonic Youth
Black Metal ► Deep Blunt

Hudson
Grim Iconic...(Sadistic Mantra)
► J.R.C.G.
I Love You Jennifer B ► Jockstrap
45 Pounds ► VHHW Nailgun

Jackson
Donuts ► J Dilla
Love Supreme ► John Coltrane
Lust ► Rei Harakami

Jacob
Under The Gun 1 & 2 ► Militarie Gun
The Blue Album ► Weezer
Power Trip ► Power Trip

Kenan
Plastic Beach ► Gorillaz
Money Store ► Death Grips
Promises ► Pharoah Sanders and Floating Points

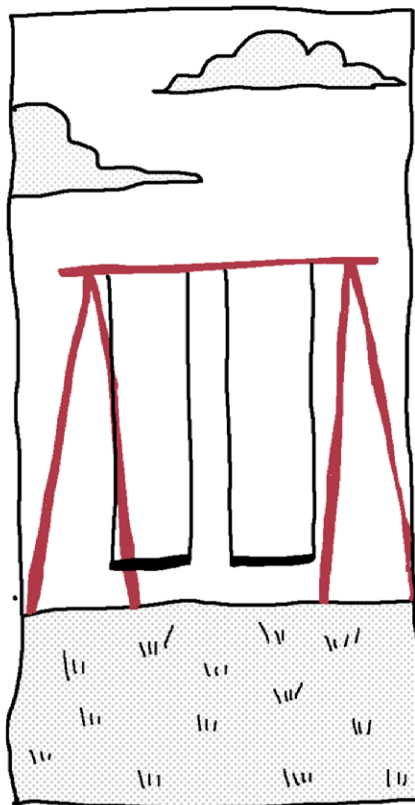
Ricky
Billy Talent 1 ► Billy Talent
Communicate ► Dire Straits
Parhizia ► Animals as Leaders

A Mixtape Manifesto

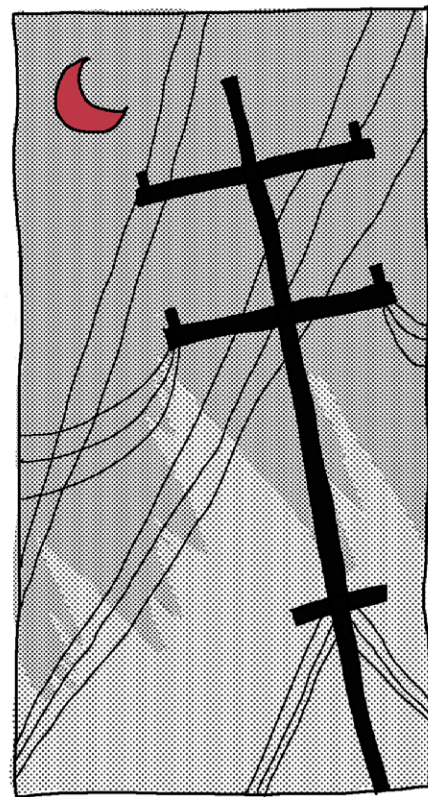
INTO THE ARCHIVES W/ SOFIA VANEGAS • ILLUSTRATIONS BY SOPHY



THINKING OF YOU
HOPE YOU'RE WELL



MEET YOU HERE
AGAIN SOON



I'M GLAD WE DON'T
TALK ANYMORE

At first, I quickly flipped past Mike LaPointe's Mixed Apes article: an unassuming one-pager, written like a late-night confession, stylized like a note passed in class. Look, processing archival materials can get a *little* tedious – don't blame me for skimming a little. As I made my way through 2006 and into 2007, however, the words "Mixed Apes" popped up again and again. It piqued my interest too much to disregard, so I went back to that August 2006 issue to do my due diligence. Mixed Apes, I discovered, was an initiative encouraging the music-minded reader to create and share their own "Mixed Apes" on CDs, 8-tracks, or cassettes. You'd make one (or multiple), scatter them across the city with a tracklist and the Mixed Apes title, and wait. Like a citywide tag game, finding a mix in the wild would put the responsibility on your shoulders to create another, so that a new stranger might find yours and keep the cycle going. There were at least two articles with further instructions: "How To Wheatpaste Directions To Your Hidden Mixed Ape" in September 2006, and "How To Stencil Directions To Your Hidden Mixed Ape" the following October. There was even a website! discorder.ca/mixedapes/, if you're curious, though it can only be accessed on the Wayback Machine. There, people would log where they left a mix, where they found a mix, and what was on it.

The Mixed Apes project has plagued my waking moments since I found those articles a few months ago. If anything, it's a lesson in paying attention. There's so much history and information and personality lurking below the surface of everything we interact with; often, it's just a matter of looking closer. There are ghosts everywhere. Mixed Apes seems to have largely faded into ghosthood over the years, and bringing it up with my fellow living people rarely yields more than an exclamation of surprise and

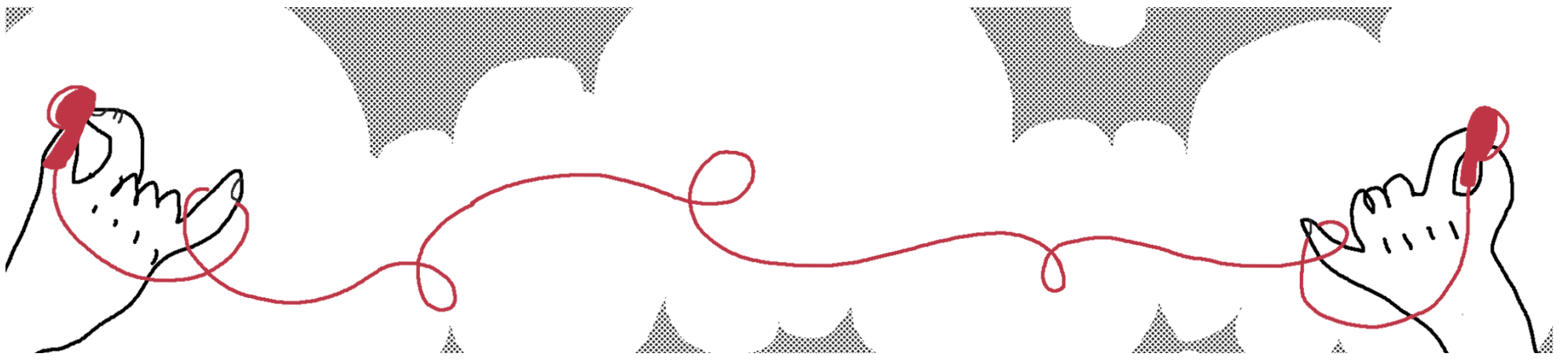
delight: "I didn't know we did that! That's so cool!" It reminds me why I love the archives, preserving the niche curiosities of history that have left their mark, however small, on us. These windows across time feel so haunted — I can look at comments, hints, and tracklists, but I can't know anything else. I can't go find a mix myself and give it a listen. It feels not-quite-there — like a shadow of a person, or an echo of their voice.

The whole concept of the project is steeped in a strange intimacy. Listening to a complete stranger's music feels so personal, and creating one to drop off is even more so; it says, here I am, sharing something of myself with you, and I may never know your name, nor you mine. It kind of eradicates the entire concept of a stranger, doesn't it? How can we really be so estranged if I'm holding an imprint of you in my hands? Although composed of other peoples' music, mixtapes and playlists carry the indelible mark of their creators. They're Frankensteined self-portraits, "offer[ing] a voice when your tongue is its most tied or timid." I'd perhaps go so far as to say that the mixtape/playlist is an art form itself! At the very least it's a form of expression — a language where music is the alphabet and every listener, a poet.

I, for one, think that's beautiful. But still... why was this project sticking with me? Why am I so fascinated by this quirky little initiative from 2006? I think the physical nature of Mixed Apes is what feels captivating. The idea of sharing music with strangers might seem less alien in a world with Spotify and Apple Music, where millions of public playlists are freely available, but having something in your hands just feels different, and that's what set it apart. That's not just me talking, either. Vinyl collections, digital cameras, 35mm film in movie theatres...there's been a cultural resurgence of physical media recently. For nostalgia's sake? Of course! We've always loved to look back

— especially now, harkening back to a time when the world felt less apocalyptic is more comforting than ever. For preservation? I think so. Think of how easily those entries on the Mixed Apes page disappeared from the internet! Physical media's role in preserving history can't be understated. Online, media can migrate platforms, change, or disappear without a trace. Although it can yellow or fade or break, a physical copy is always there. In the age of subscription services, what happens when the show you wanted to watch is suddenly only available on a platform you don't pay for, with its own associated costs? What about when those platforms hike up costs even further, while the artists and creators responsible for the work you love aren't paid fairly? Physical media is not only a direct way to support artists, but is also stable, reliable, not held at the whims of corporations. It's yours.

While writing this piece, I thought and talked a *lot* about physical media — maybe too much. It seems like a simple idea, but the more I thought about it, the more ideas emerged, and my answers to this question became more and more convoluted. When I posed the same question to other people, I got a variety of thoughts and opinions, but they all echoed the idea of physical media feeling more 'real.' They talked about holding the art in your hands, feeling connected with the artist, seeing work that may have gone unnoticed online: the rewarding feeling of having discovered something new and having an artifact to show for it. And this artifact might have been the result of weeks of searching, or a serendipitous purchase — either way, there's an active choice, a commitment. This is what my younger sibling calls "trying to reclaim music as an art form" — not just leaving it as background noise while you're washing dishes, but really trying to listen, using music as a medium to explore and develop your own identity, soaking in the experience. Beyond that connection



with yourself, with your favourite artist, physical media builds communities. Think of the collectors! The music connoisseurs, cinephiles, photographers, and book lovers! The mixtapes and hand-written letters! Intentionality and independent discovery echoes outward into a web of recommendations and fun facts and passion. The physical aspect ends up feeling like proof of a thing you love so much. To quote one of my sources:

“in some ways, it’s nostalgic, i mean no one collects them for convenience or saving on money, but it also feels like trying to reach for something more human today, it’s much more fun to listen to a record with a friend in their room, despite the inconveniences, but i think those are kind of what makes it—human i mean.”

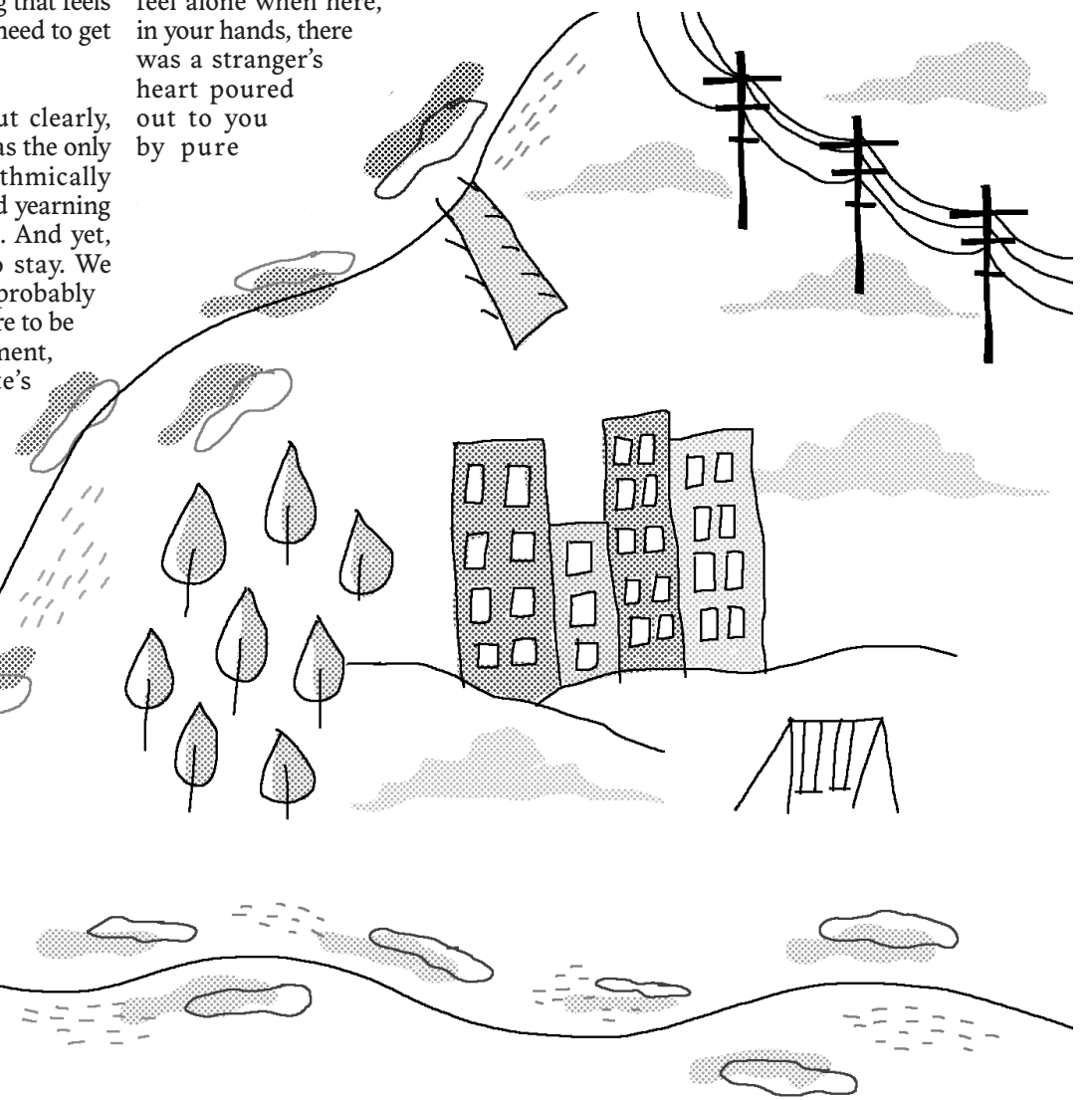
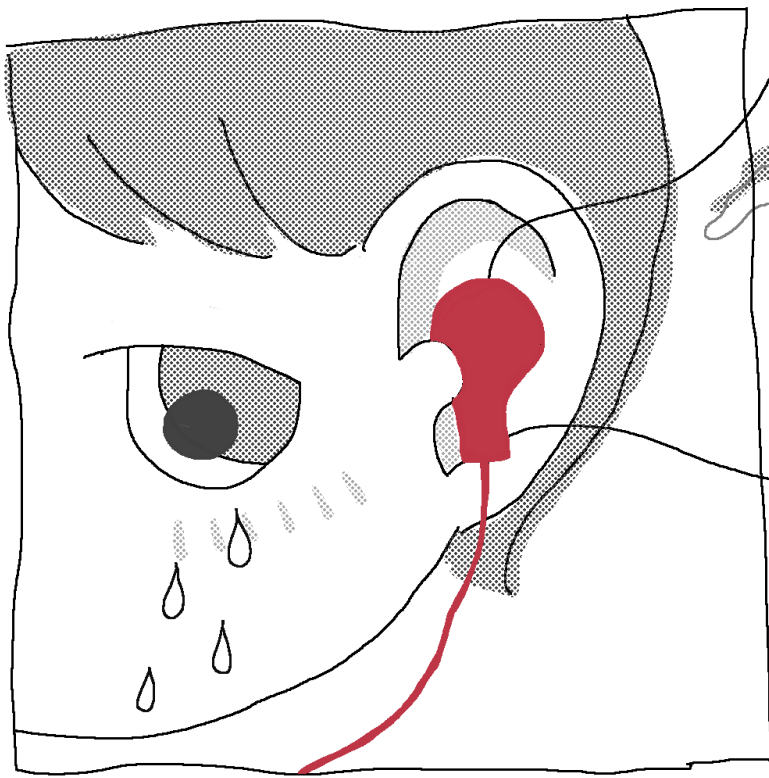
I don’t mean to imply that physical media is infallible. It scratches, breaks, gets stolen or “borrowed” or lost; it’s expensive, and may dissuade people from taking the

away from my parents’ house. Even with the CD’s imperfections (of which there are many,) it has a charm that isn’t replicable online. Streaming may be easy, but physical media is real, and in a world that can often feel isolating, that realness can feel life-saving. So *of course* we’re fascinated by physical media right now. Life’s lonely — or at least, it can be. Something that feels authentic is sometimes what we need to get through it.

So: streaming isn’t all bad, but clearly, we’re tired of it being perceived as the only option, exhausted with algorithmically curated avenues of discovery and yearning for something more connective. And yet, streaming is definitely here to stay. We can’t change the past, and we probably shouldn’t, if time travel movies are to be believed. What now? For a moment, let’s go back to Mike LaPointe’s manifesto:

The project sought to encourage the personality and uniqueness of the things we choose to love, and reach across barriers of distance and knowledge to introduce people to these things. It highlighted the joy of discovery and creativity and personalization; reminds us of the people that exist behind the art. After all, how could anyone feel alone when here, in your hands, there was a stranger’s heart poured out to you by pure

yours. Leave it somewhere special — *your* corner of *your* city — and send it off with a kiss, because who knows where your creation will find itself next? Do it because there’s nothing stopping you. And if you somehow find a mixtape in the wild, accept your role in this game of musical tag and make one yourself. Enjoy the process of



risks that organic discovery encourages. Conversely, streaming is not the worst thing in the world. It makes media accessible and convenient for people everywhere — experimenting seems much more low-stakes on Spotify than in a record store, especially for more casual music fans. Sure, the recommendation algorithms can be stifling, and the low low price of \$12.99 per month seems to increase with every new platform, but it has its benefits. Still, there’s something special about physical media that people continue to long for. Streaming was supposed to kill music stores, but there’s many still thriving, including one I’ve visited many times a block and a half

“The Mixed Ape Project is a Vancouver musical conversation. Make a tape, make a CD, make an 8-track, and leave it somewhere public. Let a stranger pick it up and see what’s going on in your neck of the woods. It can be anything. Make a mix for a lover, an enemy, yourself, Mike LaPointe, and then let it loose on our rain-soaked streets.

Perhaps I will even find a refreshing mix out here in my lonesome suburb. I will huddle it to my chest, scurry home, and feel awash in all of those beautiful words we say to each other without knowing how.”

chance? The art of the mixtape is inherently tied to its realness, its intentionality, its emotion — it’s not quite the same without something in your hands, that physical artifact. So what do we do? I think it’s simple. Mixed Apes was, above all, a celebration of the connective power of creativity — our capacity for which is not confined to 2006. Let’s continue celebrating it! Although the years have passed, LaPointe’s call for connection feels just as relevant now, if not more so.

The Mixed Apes of today would look different — not everybody has a CD player, after all — but its spirit remains the same. So why not? Curate your songs, go buy a pack of blank CDs, do some research and make a mix! Make a cover and write a tracklist, or a title, or your deepest secrets, hopes and dreams! Sign it proudly, or keep it anonymous, but make sure it’s wholly

creation, the effort and thought and care that goes into every last bit of it. Think outside the box, or inside the box, or beside or under or on top of the box. Whatever you do, just do it. Go forth and Mix some Apes. Make something, leave your mark, create your own ghosts to join the haunted choir of history, because again: why not? ©

Adam De Souza

WORDS BY KAIRN ZHOU
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALISTAIR HENNING
ILLUSTRATION AND LETTERING COURTESY OF ADAM DE SOUZA

I'm such a freaking loser... I showed up to the central library for this interview wearing Adam's own merch, complete with one of his holographic stickers inside my clear phone case. I should have asked for a picture and his autograph while I was at it. No, but truly; being openly and unabashedly passionate about things is IN and all the cool kids are doing it now. Adam De Souza's work is rife with this kind of radical vulnerability. It's so easy to fall in love with his idiosyncratic queer characters, following along as they grow up through the melancholia of everything. His empathetic stories are complemented by an expert obsession with folklore, and this incredible ability he has — to illustrate the sound of wind in tall grass. You! Walk with me through these windswept fields. I think I see Adam over there...

Kairn Zhou: Infamous layabout Adam De Souza. I hear that you also make comics.

Adam De Souza: Haha.

KZ: Would you like to introduce yourself?

ADS: Yeah, I'm Adam De Souza. I'm a Vancouver-based cartoonist. I do comic strips and longer-form graphic novels.

KZ: I believe I first discovered your work through *Blind Alley*, and I really fell in love with the story. Can you tell people a bit about *Blind Alley*?

ADS: For sure. *Blind Alley* is a traditional four-panel comic strip about these weird little kids who live in a weirder alley that isn't necessarily our world. There's no adult supervision. They wear strange costumes. I wanted to make a strip about what it's like to grow up. But also, what it's like to grow up without some of the structures that I grew up with.

KZ: Recently, you decided to self-publish your upcoming comic magazine, *Mutt Mag*, in lieu of working with *Silver Sprocket*. You've written at length regarding this, though could you tell us a bit about that experience?

ADS: While negotiating the contract after finishing *Mutt Mag*, I'd heard that a few artists were feeling owed money. So, I told *Silver Sprocket* that I wasn't going to sign the contract unless they really did good by those artists. Unfortunately I don't feel like they took effort to do so, so I pulled the book. My position in this is very weird because I am peripheral, not directly affected. I'm also trusting friends and peers and their understanding of a contract, their arrangement and how the royalties work. I wrote that essay [about comics publishing] in response to also seeing people talk about self-publishing being the future, and I don't agree. I think we should actually ask publishers to be better and do better and be a lot more transparent. Which... this is not to shit on *Silver Sprocket*. In ways, they are very transparent. But I think any amount of confusion when an artist signs a contract is going to bite a publisher in the ass — specially when that publisher has proudly and loudly presented themselves as a leftist publisher who champions queer, radical, and diverse work.

KZ: Yeah, that's all really interesting to hear. You know, most of us don't really hear anything about that side of things. In that essay, you write: "Comics require patience. They are a slow-thing that reflect the care put into them. The same goes for publishing. Maybe that's actually just the way of all things that

have any worth." How does it feel to do this slow work in our current cultural moment?

ADS: I think it feels stupid. But it's also, like, I love it so much. When I'm in the world and I see someone in a *Blind Alley* t-shirt, or someone at a festival tells me the works matter to them, or that *The Gulf* made them cry or whatever, it feels like moving at a different pace is actually valuable.

KZ: Stupid is an interesting adjective to use.

ADS: I think because it's very hard to talk to people about my job. Like, all of my friends have real jobs. They all work in tech, and I go hang out with them, and I'm like, 'I'm such a clown, man.' I sit around drawing comics and, like, fret over this stuff that, fundamentally, matters in a very ephemeral way instead of a, "we're building something here" way, and that's hard to justify within the structures we live in.

KZ: Yeah, well... There's a lot to say about tech as well. I know you have some thoughts on AI. Is there anything that you feel doesn't get talked about enough in the AI and art discussion?

ADS: I don't know. I have a lot of thoughts. I don't know if they're valuable.

KZ: One fun one.

ADS: Yeah, ok. I've had so many people this past year be like, "oh, are you worried? Are you worried?" And I'm like, no, I'm not worried, because AI art feels like a parlour trick. I am unfortunately genuinely impressed by it. When you're like, "let's do *Zelda* in the style of *Mobius*", or whatever, and it does a good approximation. That's a really interesting trick, but it's not compelling art. I've never saved a photo on my desktop to reference later. I also think that when you want to tell stories, it's all about the precision you put into the drawing, and what that communicates, and what the subtle body language communicates, and what the background elements communicate. When people say AI is gonna replace us, it shows a failure to understand the care that goes into art.

KZ: Yeah, I think we're gonna see a lot more news come out about that kind of stuff. And hopefully, culture will move in a favorable direction for us as that occurs.



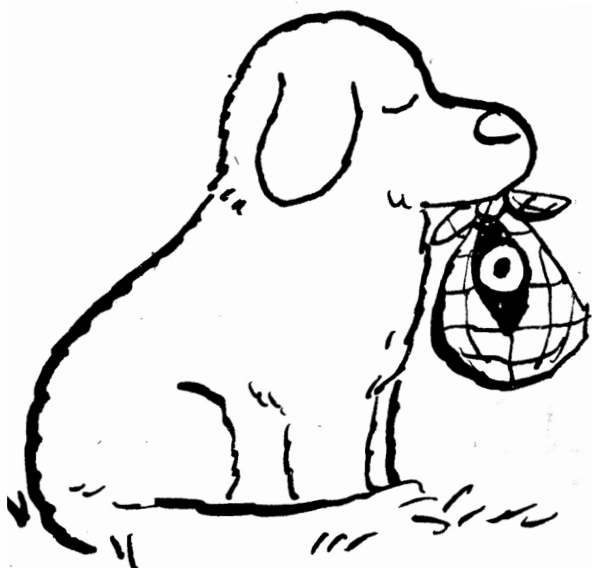
ADS: I think I've even seen it just in this last year. I did a talk at Emily Carr, and it seemed like the majority of students were working on paper now. Optimistically, I hope that there will be a move towards the tangible and 'human wrong' quality. There's that quote, "style is what you get wrong", when it comes to drawing. And I think that stuff is really gonna matter in the future. At least I hope it does.

KZ: Let's talk about the contents of your soon-to-be-released comic magazine, *Mutt Mag*. I understand that it will contain some of your existing works as well as a few new short stories. What are you most excited for your readers to see?

ADS: Ooh, I think just all of it, honestly. Maybe that's a cop-out. For some reason, I had this idea that it wouldn't take long for me to make it. But I probably spent the better part of a year drawing *Mutt Mag* instead of work that pays better. But I am really excited with how it's shaping up. There were a lot of bumps in the road because of self-publishing — but I'm really proud of it in the end.

KZ: That sounds awesome. Regarding the two nondescript short stories, do we know any details about them yet?

ADS: Yeah, one of them is a 19-page short story based on an illustration I drew last year. The other one is quite short. I think it's eight pages. It's on the theme of flight, which turned out to be the theme of the





whole book. A lot of the stories are preoccupied with flying, which I didn't really plan on. I guess I just like drawing that sort of thing.

KZ: What's the illustration?

ADS: Oh it's the... you know what? It's a spoiler, because the illustration is the end of the story.

KZ: Oh my goodness, okay, okay. You know what... no, I won't.

ADS: I can tell you if you want to know.

KZ: Okay, tell me. I want to know if I remember the post.

ADS: It's the one with a baby being dropped. It's a crane.

KZ: Okay, yeah, I know that one.

ADS: The baby being dropped. That's such a weird way to put it, 'the baby dropping story.'

KZ: Okay, as leftists, we often hear people express a desire to run off and live on a commune rather than keep participating in a broken system. And you wrote a whole coming-of-age story about that—*The Gulf*. Could you tell our readers what inspired you to explore that dream of communal living?

ADS: I've always had a fascination with them. In my high school philosophy class we did this year-long 'Utopia' project which I didn't actually spend a year on. I shat it out the day before, but you were supposed to imagine your perfect society, and I think I didn't really realize how much that project stuck with me. A lot of *The Gulf*

came from those I feelings, but also, that frustration after graduating high school of being like, "I don't know what the fuck I want to do." I wanted to draw a character who was actually a bit smarter than I was as a high school student, who, whether she knows it or not, realizes what's wrong with the world — and wants to do something about it. Maybe in a selfish way. I understand the argument, "running away doesn't solve anything," but I also think that feeling of wanting to run away to something better should be cherished too. So, I wanted to write a story about the struggle between that leftist idealism and the crushing reality of capitalism. You know, fun stuff for teens.

KZ: Fun stuff for teens. Yeah I think a lot of people feel that way, and I think it can be really hard to balance that idealism and a desire to make a real change, right? As a high schooler who's just graduating, you don't feel like you have any power to do anything, so your energy is more easily channeled into the idealism.

ADS: We get people feeling like cynicism is intellectually superior — and that hope is kind of this weak, childish thing. And I just don't agree with that. I think hope is a useful tool to get through the day, or lay the groundwork for change. Because as soon as you start telling a story about a better world, it becomes something that can be repeated and something that can be defined. I think there's a lot of value in that.

KZ: Speaking of other worlds, you have crafted quite a unique setting in *Brambles*, another one of your comics. You also effectively illustrate some quite specific emotions there. What are you going for in *Brambles*, theme-wise?

ADS: I think there's a lot. It's kind of unintentionally a scrutiny of the feeling of returning home, for better and worse.

I think it's a lot meaner than I expected it to be. I started it with the intention of it being my *Hobbit*, this epic story, but I don't know if I'm doing that anymore. It also became about... the way these fae creatures live — strange and open. They all kiss each other. They sleep in piles. I guess it's kind of about companionship, and the lack thereof. I've realized I have a recurring commune vibe.

KZ: Some things I noticed when I read it are; this feeling of returning to a not-so-familiar home, unreciprocated sociability, having an unusually intense appreciation for the natural world, and — just, like — talking too much. I feel like the protagonist, Ought, is really relatable. What inspires this character?

ADS: Honestly, it's really funny, because I like to pretend that none of my characters are me, but every single character I've written is from me. It feels like adjusting the volume knobs and balancing different parts of me. Ought is maybe a little more of a social pariah than I am, and a bit more awkward than I am. But they all come from different parts of me. With Ought, I really wanted a character that's just a square peg in a round hole, you know?

KZ: You write a lot of female characters and also queer characters. And I'd say that you write them quite well. What draws you to tell these stories?

ADS: In *The Gulf*, Making Oli a girl instead of a boy was just to give her some distance from me. I didn't want to write about myself as a teenager. When writing something personal, making the character superficially different helps me put them at arm's length. I think a lot about queerness and how it relates to cultural norms. How we are raised with these notions of gender and sexuality, or how a relationship 'should' function. Who

we 'should' love and why. A lot of that stuff's bullshit, and I want to write characters who reflect that. I want the values I hold to be baked into the fabric of the stories I tell in an unignorable and structural way.

KZ: So it's probably pretty obvious by now that I'm a huge fan of your work. Is there something that you've been super into recently? Or is there something that you're a huge fan of at this current moment?

ADS: Oh, that's fun. Yeah, I unfortunately love *Star Wars*. *Andor* is just, like, the best show ever made. The final episodes come out tonight and I am, like, genuinely amped. I've not been this amped since I was a kid reading *Shonen Jump*, waiting for the next *Naruto*. Right now I'm like, vibrating with excitement to watch it.

KZ: Haha okay well, I hope the finale is good. Do you have a song recommendation for our music-related magazine?

ADS: I've been listening to "Springtime Again" by Sun Ra on repeat because it's just been so nice out. I've been spending most of my day writing so I'm not listening to music with vocals — but there's vocals in that song. It's just like; that's how a spring day should feel. I love that song.

KZ: Awesome. Well, thanks for coming out.



ADS: Yeah, thank you.

KZ: Yeah, that's it. Everyone check out Adam's work.

*I've been following Adam's projects since before I could call them local. I remember anticipating *The Gulf's* release from across the country, raving about it to all my friends — long-time pals from longer summers. His stories are often concerned with the double-sided coin of leaving and arrival, and two summers ago, I flipped that coin. Upon landing — driving away from YVR, I realized that Adam's depictions of conifers aren't an exaggeration. Trees are just that tall here.*

The world is big and confusing when you're a kid. Very little is made for you, and the stuff that is... rarely takes you seriously. These comics untangle and re-tangle those feelings, crafting fantastical worlds wherein they may sit. Alongside uniquely composed perspectives and iconic character silhouettes, Adam's work is an undiluted childhood summer, only growing longer. ©

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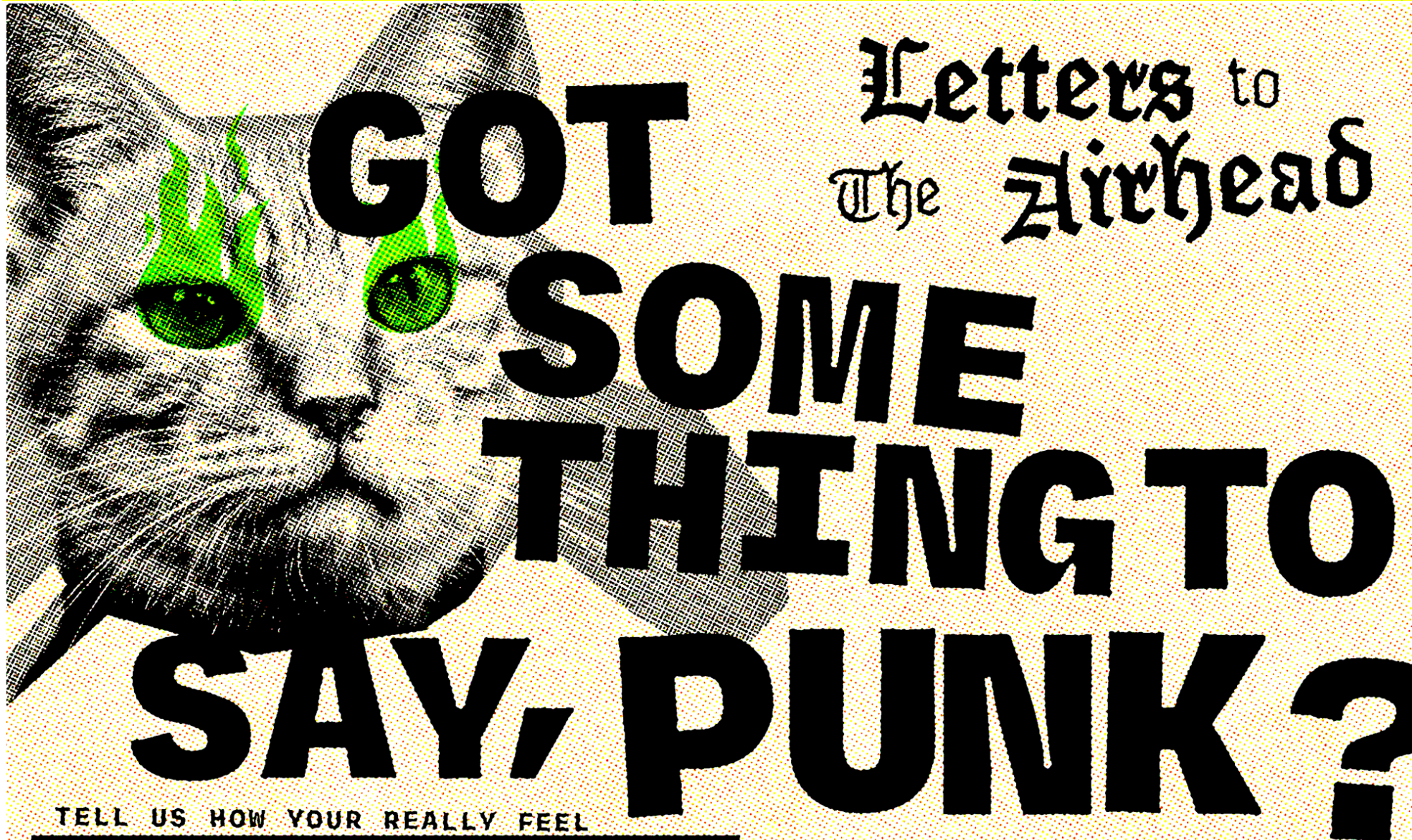
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SIX JUPITERS,
ONE GALAXY, AND
A MOON. THAT IS HOW
YOU SAY I LOVE YOU.
SO SUN MAKES THE WATER,
IN THERE ARE A MILLION TINY STARS
AND THE AIR. IF I SQUINT I CAN SEE IT
A TWINKLE IN MY LIFE, SHAKING WITH
I AM EXCITABLE. BUDDING THROUGH ME UP
ALL KIND OF SOIL, IT'S CUTTING FOR ME,
IT HELPS ME GROW. ROW OF BLACK BIRDS
PULLS ME GROW. LIKE A STRING
OF BLACK PEARLS, AND I TOUCH MY WATER
AND I THINK OF YOU. I UNFOLDING
OVER THESE RIDGES, I'M UNCLENCHING
ON THE SHORELINE, THE UNCLENCHING
OF A FIST, LOVE SWALLOWS VIOLENCE.
LAY BESIDE ME, LET'S HAVE A
CONVERSATION ABOUT ALL THE
BEST TOPICS, LET'S TIRE
THEM OUT SO MAYBE
THEY'LL TELL US
THE ANSWER IN THEIR SLEEP.





SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

01	02	03	04	05	06	07
	· RIVERS OF NIHIL/HOLY FAWN/INTER ARMA/GLACIAL TOMB @ RICKSHAW	· RIVERS OF NIHIL/HOLY FAWN/INTER ARMA/GLACIAL TOMB @ RICKSHAW	· OH HE DEAD @ THE BILTMORE	MUSIC WASTE 2025 @ VARIOUS / SCHEDULE ON PRINTED ON THE BACK OF THIS ISSUE! · RAINBOW RODEO HONKY-TONK DANCE @ WISE · BOLO BOLO/SKIM MILK @ CHINA CLOUD STUDIOS	MUSIC WASTE 2025 @ VARIOUS / SCHEDULE ON PRINTED ON THE BACK OF THIS ISSUE! · PREOCCUPATIONS/STILL DEPTHS @ WISE	MUSIC WASTE 2025 @ VARIOUS / SCHEDULE ON PRINTED ON THE BACK OF THIS ISSUE! · TEP NO @ THE BILTMORE · FUNDRAISER: AKASUBLIME/ANTI-NOTHING/ETOH/DAISY DUKE/AIR SYSTEMS @ RED GATE · HOOPSSNAKE @ RICKSHAW
08	09	10	11	12	13	14
MUSIC WASTE 2025 @ VARIOUS / SCHEDULE ON PRINTED ON THE BACK OF THIS ISSUE! · THE MINUS 5 @ THE BILTMORE · JULIA WOLF @ THE PEARL	· LANDLORDS ARE A JOKE VTU COMEDY FUNDRAISER @ THE LIDO	· LANDLORDS ARE A JOKE VTU COMEDY FUNDRAISER @ THE LIDO	· CHASER @ WALDORF	· DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS / DEER TICK @ COMMODORE BALLROOM	· TWIN TRIBES @ THE BILTMORE	· ALEX'S BIRTHDAY BASH @ GREEN AUTO
		· NAIL SALON W. NELLIE GOSSEN @ UNIT/PITT (JUNE10-15)	· RINI/BATHE @ THE PEARL	· TONK/ROUNDELEAYS/MUNCHO/DEVOURS @ RED GATE	· JORDAN/YEP @ GREEN AUTO	· EMMA GOLDMAN/NEVER PLENTY/HILL-SBORO/MANEATER @ RICKSHAW THEATRE
				· THE SPEWS/WARMBELLY/AVERY SLOANE @ TAKE YOUR TIME	· WITCH OF THE WASTE/MVLGRAVE/THE HALLOWED CATHARSIS/ANCHORESS/DRUIN @ GREEN AUTO	
					· GOLERS/O.C.O.D./CAR87/STUNLOCK @ WISE	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
· THE CAT EMPIRE @ COMMODORE BALLROOM		· LAURA HICKLI/KYLIE V/KERS @ GREEN AUTO			· DAMARA JACOBS-PETERSEN AND MODESTE "MONDAY" ZANKPE BLACK AND INDIGENOUS @ VANCOUVER ART GALLERY	· I AM ISHI: THE PERFORMANCE ART FILM @ CINEMATEQUE
· 2GIRLS1DAW/ANTI-NOTHING/ARAKNO @ TAKE YOUR TIME					· FREAKOUT CIRCUS EXTRAVAGANZA @ WISE	· BRONCHO @ THE PEARL
· MAJO @ VANCOUVER BLACK LIBRARY					· JUNETEENTH JUKE JOINT/PRADO MON-ROE/QUARTERBACK BABY/+MORE @ THE BUNKER	· TOUGH SELL/2GIRLS1DAW/MNEMONIC PULSE @ TAKE YOUR TIME
					· AYLÀ BRYN @ THE BILTMORE	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
· OSO OSO @ THE PEARL	· PROVOKER @ THE BILTMORE	· CRUMB @ COMMODORE BALLROOM	· RUN'N'GUN FILM COMPETITION SCREENING @ THE RIO	· WAITWAIT/HOUSEGUEST/GIRLSNAILS @ TAKE YOUR TIME	· STEPH WALL @ GREEN AUTO	· WAVVES @ THE PEARL
	· RUN'N'GUN FILM COMPETITION SCREENING @ THE RIO	· RUN'N'GUN FILM COMPETITION SCREENING @ THE RIO	· RUN'N'GUN FILM COMPETITION SCREENING @ THE RIO	@ TAKE YOUR TIME		· JONATHAN RICHMAN @ WISE
		· ESME PATTERSON/EMMETT JEROME @ FOX CABARET				· SAM LYNCH/JUANCO/SAM WEBER @ GREEN AUTO
29	30					

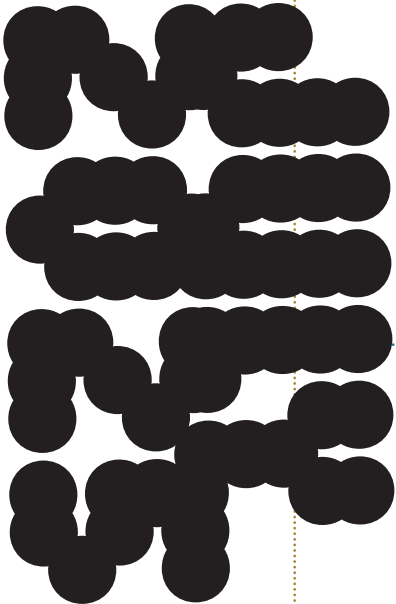
WASTE 2025

artwork by Adela Lynga

SUNDAYMONDAYTUESDAYWEDNESDAYTHURSDAYFRIDAYSATURDAY

artwork by
Zoë Geller-Alford

	01	02	03	04	05
					· RUN 'N' GUN 2025 GALA @ TBD · EKKSTACY/PASSION MANGO @ RICKSHAW
06	07	08	09	10	11
					· DRAG COMEDY CABARET @ BILTMORE · ARMSTRONG METAL FEST @ ARMSTRONG, B.C. · BORN OF OSIRIS/THE BROWNING/BALE-FUL @ THE PEARL
13	14	15	16	17	18
	· JUDGEMENT/FITH/TARBOX/WOLVES ON TAPE/AT THIS POINT @ BILTMORE	· WILLOW AVALON @ BLMORE		· ICARUS @ BILTMORE	· BEN KWELLER @ BILTMORE · DELTRON 3030 @ COMMODORE BALLROOM
20	21	22	23	24	25
· FRANKIE AND THE WITCH FINGERS/IGUANA DEATH CULT @ THE PEARL		· MEI SEMONES @ BILTMORE	· MANNEQUIN PUSSY/GOUGE AWAY @ COMMODORE BALLROOM	· THE EXPLODING HEARTS/LONG KNIFE/THE TRANZMITTORS/REMPEL/DJ WAVES @ THE PEARL · MANNEQUIN PUSSY/GOUGE AWAY @ COMMODORE BALLROOM	· GREAT GABLES @ BILTMORE
27	28	29	30	31	26
	· SARAH Z @ BILTMORE · THE DAMNED/ACTORS @ COMMODORE BALLROOM		· JENNIFER CASTLE/JULIAN HOU @ LANALOU'S		· HEART ATTACK MAN/THE DIRTY NIL/CARPOOL/DEAR SEATTLE @ RICKSHAW



Crowd Source

WORDS BY SELIN BERKTAS

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTIA BARRY

In tuning in with the movements of a flock of crows as they make their commute to Still Creek, Burnaby, Cecily Nicholson dedicates the extensive poem *Crowd Source* to simultaneously naturalizing, politicizing, and perhaps, problematizing what is a ‘crowd,’ how it may enact its power, or perhaps be found in battle with the social hierarchy.

But in essence, *Crowd Source* is the story of a group of birds — a murder of crows.

Ever since learning English, the phrase ‘a murder of crows’ has always been a bit peculiar to me. Turns out, crows mourn as a collective, whether for sentimental reasons or not. It is in this respect that they are referred to as a murder.

obsidian flyways murder above, talking to the sky, the sky answers

molecular communication flits intricate and intimate

*auto weight
traffic below bereft, kept in touch ## has left the march*

I am traffic, always looking to the sky braced for aggression

*confirmed fatalities
slowing to express lanes*

*regulated and
sudden stops*

One of the more fascinating parts to Nicholson’s poetry is the physical, metaphysical, and objectively abstract parallels across lands, lives, and geographies. The flyaways above intend to actualize the traffic down below, the murders above mention the ‘confirmed fatalities’ on the ground — or at least that’s what I’m getting.

*having babies and accordant extra vigilance
in the early years the young help
families, as many as fifteen of them
siblings and cousins from different years*

*juveniles may join gangs of other youngsters
in community after leaving the nest*

*while family flocks together to the roost
they do not stay together amid the great crowd
valuing collective sun orbit while learning dispersal*

The mish-mash of bird and human infers one expedited existence. The family *flocking*, the youngsters leaving the *nest* — these become references to how the sky parallels the ground. Nicholson naturalizes the peculiarities of life that we continue to question through the not manufactured processes of life for the crow, the murder, the sky.

This happens simultaneously to Nicholson politicizing ‘the body’ of a crowd. The crowd, here, is an inherently resistant force. Crowds, politically astute or not so, are in every capacity still vouching for something. In a separate interview, Nicholson refers to how the precarity of the world gathers people on every possible occasion, at times challenging the status quo, at times falling into the desirables of the state, or at times, perhaps undisturbing and unnoticed.

How often do we crowdsource, gathering funds from the hands of hundreds or thousands who are barely acquainted with any of the descriptors of the mutual aid posting, as a form of grieving? How often do we call the same Minister’s office, numbers of strangers on the same previously called list, verbalizing the same template of demands?

This book doesn’t distance itself from the rest of Nicholson’s work which addresses anti-Black

hierarchies and social movements. She proposes crowds as resistant — resilient in the face of racist stereotypes and verbiage that presupposes reactions as unjust hostility.

*should one find themselves
present and unscathed
even celebrated*

*remember that being unwelcome
and hostile is not a crime
and is sometimes necessary*

*and that an unsafe feeling stemming
from imagined murder, can be killer*

Nicholson argues, for one to feel unsafe from an imagined hostility, is also a violent outcome. She solicits the way the urban world, the city, accepts regularity and distances itself from irregularity.

*for a golden mile my twenty-five years
of ports and bridges, intersections, libraries
embassies, offices, whose streets
courts, carceral facilities
farms, galleries*

crowdfunded barricades resist celebrity

*embrace/d in ceremony
winged body black in constellation
feathered muscle over the common*

The neoliberal model is based on questions of inclusion and exclusion. These order/disorder binaries must exist for the urban world to maintain its excitement while mechanisms continue to produce for the elite upper class. If not for the coexistence of order and disorder, regular and irregular, for the masses and crowds that make up either/or, how does the body exercise the muscle of gathering and communicating with the other?

*interpreters of transcription
too, as black bodies
subject to climate*

*beaded notes along power lines
at a preroost stop
rapping*

*musical scores of bodies
become swaps of intel and warmth
with luck, daytime played and nightly rest*

How do different bodies experience injustices which ultimately harm everyone? Nicholson discusses the climate crisis through various bodies and embodiments. She discusses the body as the origin of possibility.

Again, how does the body inherently vouch for something? How does the crow, in migrating across the sky over the course of the day, alter its own course in life or the life of the viewer from down below? No matter how much poetry I read, nothing strikes me more than that which softly preaches until it hits you in the throat. Tragedies, vigils, hopefuls, memorials, graduations, ceremonies — how are they sites of simultaneous ends, beginnings, grief, hope, and memory?

*in each outlined body, a singular body
is the possibility of collective amassing ©*

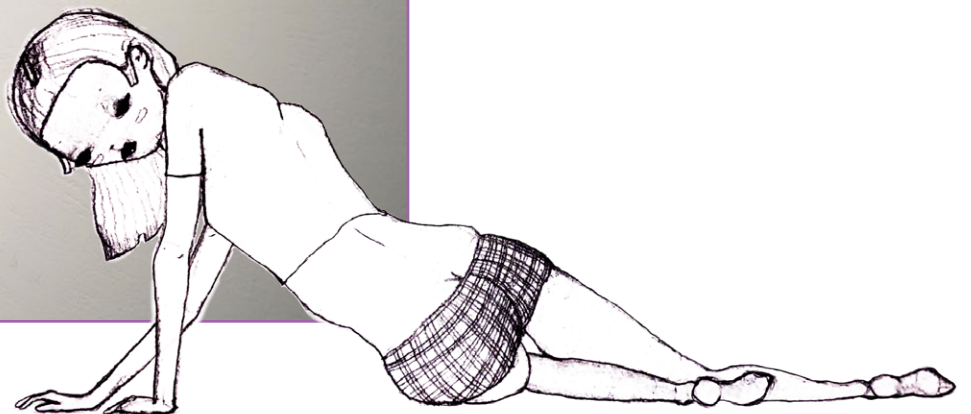
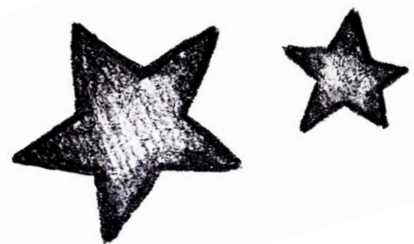
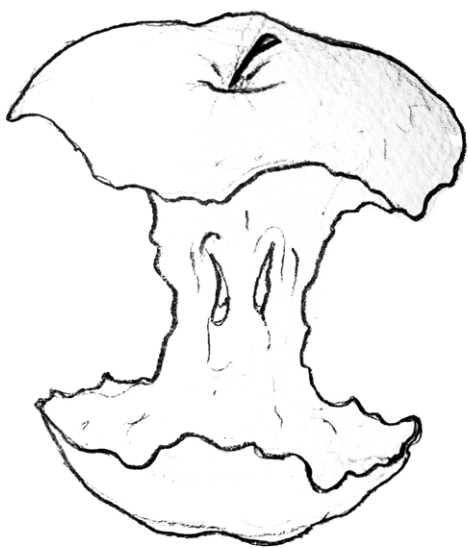


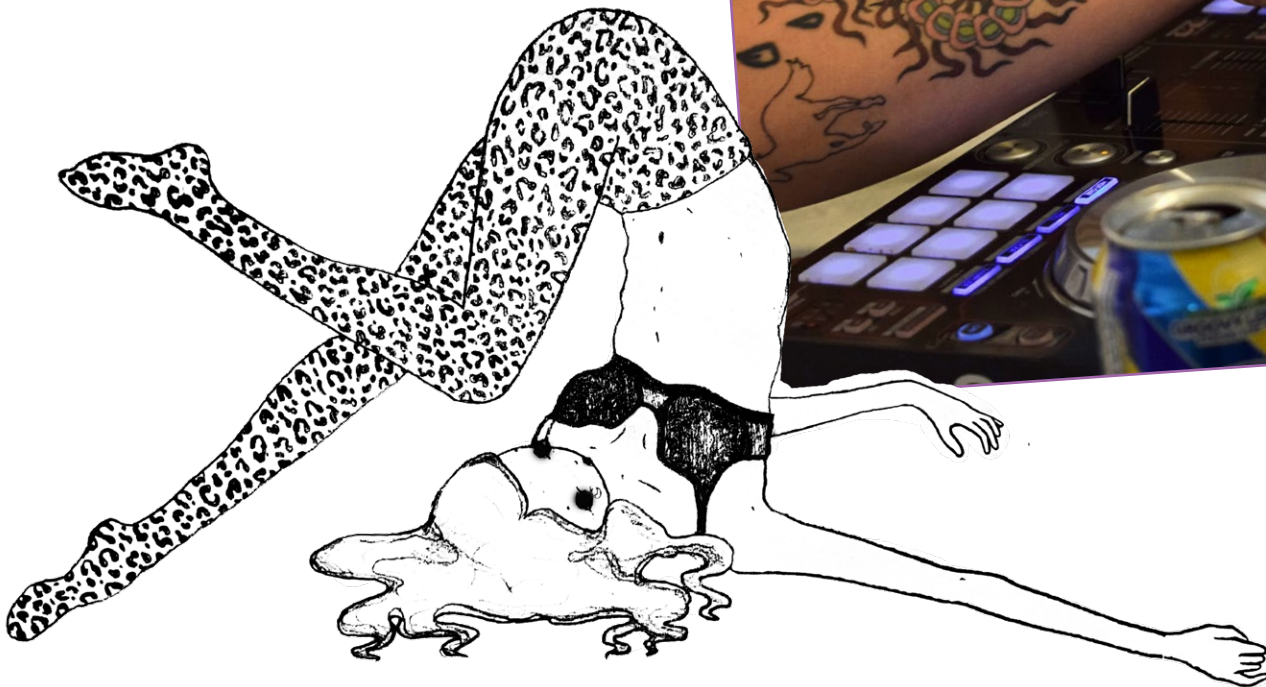
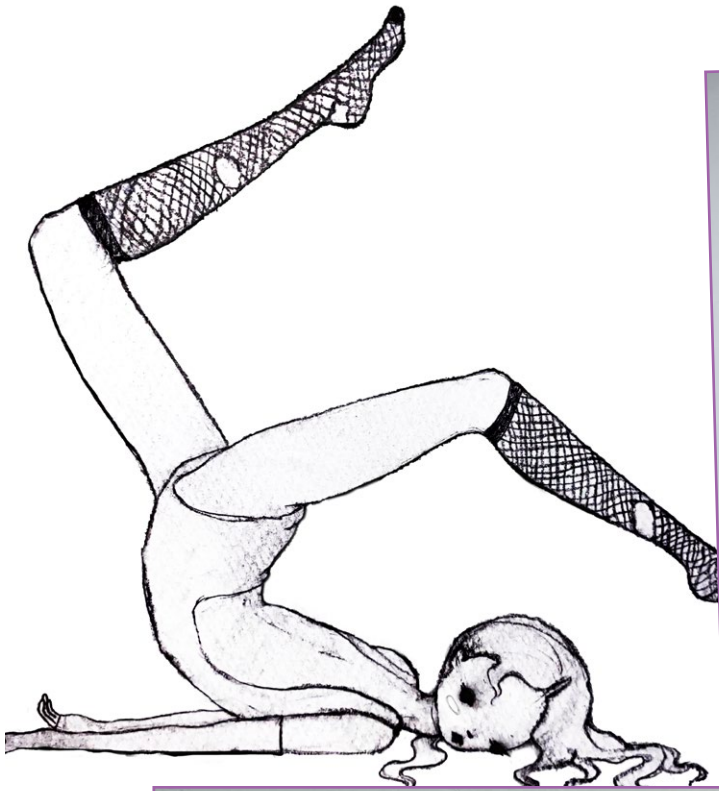


PHOTO ESSAY OF
FANGIRL

BY MEGAN MAGDALENA
 AT SLICE OF LIFE GALLERY

PHOTOS BY AUGUST BRAMHOFF
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY SOPHIA FUNK







WELCOME TO VERBODEN

an outsider's insider guide to
Vancouver's premier darkwave festival

WORDS BY MARGO BALTZAN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILLIE CULLEN

I am strutting slightly apprehensively towards the Cobalt. The pavement wafts warmth; people linger on the sidewalk. The intended goal? Attend a show — The kind with multiple bands!!! It is Thursday eve, 10 PM. The night waxes full possibility for the weekend: everything is nothing but anticipation. I am excited to watch multiple bands play music in front of me. Bands I have never seen before, no less. I love music. I am 2.5 frozen mango margaritas in; jetting straight from a group dinner date with my best friend's mother. It goes without saying: I am in a superb state of mind.

entering the Cobalt, the venue is characteristically dim; bluish hues dancing on the faces of the crowd. I am alone. I am acutely aware of my singleness. I strategically B-line for a pillar near the left side of the stage. An effortless slight lean on the cement mass is performed — a timeless lone show-goer move. I look awesome. I feel nervous. The band Ghost Fetish is playing their final songs — wishful post-punk confessions, heavy on the synth. I observe the crowd. They look even better than I. Duos adorned in chunky platforms and matching black corsets interlink hands, gazes turned to the stage. Older guys in jeans are also present. The older guys in jeans interlock hands also. I think that this is beautiful. The set ends, the crowd surges in volume, I fly over to the bar. Tequila soda, single. I drink it. I do not like it. This is nobody's fault. My phone buzzes; "Come get me outside I am scared." My best friend Jeff, scheduled to attend the show as well, is outside and scared. His fear reassures me because I think Jeff is a concert-goer extraordinaire who really knows stuff. His feelings validate my own. I peruse outside;

open the heavy iron door (I don't know if it is iron, I do not know my metals) and spot him. We speed walk to the stage, lights dimming, a theatrical Halloween-like scream echoing within the room: the next band is on. Our timing is stupidly perfect.

Tonight is the first night of *Verboden* — Vancouver's annual darkwave music festival. *Verboden* showcases both local and international artists of the darkwave genre, be it Vancouver's own Devours, or Australian-born, Berlin-based Kris Baha. Prior to my attendance of the festival, I was dimly aware that much of the music I enjoy falls within the darkwave category. However, I never considered what exactly that meant, nor the diversity of sound that the genre encompasses. Here's the thing: 'darkwave' can be considered an umbrella term, a starting point when it comes to describing the music types that fall within its reach. From my understanding, the genre can include anything adjacent to synthpop, goth rock and post-punk, so long as it has a certain 'dark' element to it. In technical terms, this means that it predominantly employs minor keys on a descending scale. In practice, it's a bit more up to you, the listener, to discern when the music has a self-ascribed 'dark' or melancholic feel to it. One exciting implication of all this? A darkwave music festival provides a crazy diverse array of sounds to experience.

THURSDAY

Case in point: the next two Thursday acts are nothing like each other. The current duo taking the stage, Ronnie Stone, bring out major '80s synth-dance pop energy. The singer adorns an intimidating trench coat—black, billowy, ankle length—and small dark sunglasses. His bandmate wears a permanent overjoyed smile, swaying behind the synthesizer. They both have great hair. Their song "The Diamond" gets the crowd riled up, and Jeff pulls me into

the centre of the audience. Just like that, we are swaying back and forth. I notice a beautiful woman with a beautifully striking blonde bob moving in striking tandem with trench-coat singer, video-recording the performance. I think to myself, wow, is this the band's agent? She is so good at being on her phone in a non-abrasive way. No. This is false. Blonde bob woman is not their agent but in fact the second to last act of the night. I must mention that she is also wearing a light grey pant suit. So hot. Her stage name is Rare DM. Rare DM, in turn, provides a darker, more minimal techno take on synth-pop. Manning her own synthesizer, she alternates between a sultry/unbothered voice, and abrupt screaming. My favourite part? Her perusal into the crowd, where she shines a small hand-held flashlight and choses a select few to intently sing towards. I am scared of her. In hindsight, if there is one shared feature amongst all the festival's artists, I would have to say it is undeniable stage presence. Eventually, we leave. I have no idea what to expect for the rest of the festival.

FRIDAY NIGHT

Friday night rolls around. The evening announces itself to be a bit more of a challenge, for I have acquired some alien cold. The pre? Less glamorous, a short shift at my restaurant job, a convenient walk from tonight's venue — the Astoria. I show up. The door-person waving me in is a small thrill. Immediately, I am bombarded with much more strobe light action than at the Cobalt; bright red and pink lights project across the room. The presence of bald individuals accentuates the light show, providing additional reflective surfaces. I mentally thank the bald individuals for their presence. The crowd is concentrated in a corner by the stage, while others mingle at merch tables and pool tables and bar tables. I like it here. You can lounge on couches or else dance your heart out to the right. Emboldened by my decaying physical state, I allow myself to sit down. It is an incredibly comfortable experience. The Mall—a solo project blending 80s electronic and midwest hardcore—commands the crowd in his sparkling pants. Energy is in excess. A personal favourite moment: his introduction of his next song as a “very important song. It is about me”. The performances of both Void Vision and of Kontravoid are additional highlights of the night, if not the entire festival. Both lean more within the dance-pop, EBM field, and you can feel reflected by the movement of the crowd. By 12:30, many are full-throttle hands up dancing to the reverberations of Kontravoid's “Too Deep.” The people standing up look excited. The people sitting down look excited. I recognize familiar faces from the night before. I feel an affinity towards them. Thursday's performers are now Friday's helpers; a member of Cobalt's crowd is now the Astoria's main sound person. Verboden relies on volunteers for its realization, and it is my observation that the festival's workers, performers, and attendees greatly intersect in their roles. Due to my lack of company for the night as well as my lack of a desire to drink, my arsenal of things to do in-between sets is limited. I chose to stare at the sound person. They are good at their job. I think it is because they seem to really care. I find it thrilling to be in an environment where people really care.

SATURDAY EVENING

Saturday evening. Night three: back at the Cobalt. I possess novel confidence; hot people are less scary once they become familiar. Also, my best friend Lexi is by my side. The night is decidedly more brooding. We arrive as House of Heaven takes the floor, a Berkley-based band self-described as “early-industrial” and EBM inspired. More older guys in jeans populate the crowd. Lexi takes the scene in, neutral expression, head bobbing to the heavy beat. At one point, she leans in to say: “This is different from Amsterdam.” I smile at the comment. The set ends. We stand outside and discuss the differences between show-going in the Netherlands and Vancouver, a topic on which I am by no means qualified to have a real opinion. I share my opinion. Lexi muses that a festival like Verboden, if it were to take place in Amsterdam, would perhaps be attended by a younger, more curious crowd. For Vancouver, a Verboden show is more of a marked event, with dedicated attendees. Show-goers appear to be decided



fans, perhaps even active members of the darkwave music community. Our hypothesis remained completely unsubstantiated. Until, as if on cue, two other remarkably friendly show-goers strike up a conversation. Naturally, one knows several of the performers; another discloses that she travelled from the interior to attend the shows. We marvel at one of their finger jewelry pieces; discuss other's relationship with the bands. Lexi and I eventually itch to return inside, I completely bomb the good-bye. Our last three attended acts of the night — Meldamor, Snakes of Russia and XTR Human — are serious. Meldamor, a post-punk darkwave duo comprised of a beautiful singer and a beautifully bearded person on the keys, provide a booming performance. During their final song, “La Luz”, she releases him onto the ground of the venue, and he screams directly into the crowd. It is awesome. I am scared. Weaklings, we leave before the final act, as it is nearing 2AM. I reflect on all the ways I have felt oddly more comfortable and included within this space despite its unfamiliarity, than at the shows of some of my own favourite artists.

SUNDAY

Alas, Sunday arrives: the final day of a four night affair. All day, I listen to Madeline Goldstein—one of the artists scheduled to play—while hectically running errands. I feel calmly excited. Then, tragedy strikes. The week's antics catching up to me, I begin to feel violently ill. By six, I renounce my intention to attend the final night. One may contend that, after experiencing three days worth of *Verboden*, I would have a good sense of what was to be missed, an understanding of what would be unfolding. Yet having been provided such a diversity of experience, I still feel remarkably in the dark. The FOMO I experience rivals the kind you feel for concerts you gaze at from afar on Reels. The festival is still novel for me, something new to figure out. And because I feel extra remorse for missing that final night, I now feel compelled to look back on the festival with a pronounced nostalgic haze. So here are my closing thoughts. ‘Verboden’ is a Dutch word that roughly translates to ‘not allowed’ and ‘forbidden,’ notably when describing a physical space. Yet this has to be one of the most welcoming show-going experiences I have ever had. The sense of community, that even I, a relative outsider, could not only pick up on but begin to feel included by, was touching. Was the scene a little intimidating? Yes. Was it intense? Yes. Was it at times weird, a little slimy, a little disconcerting? Uh huh. In other words, the musical performances were great. I hope to run into some of the faces, young and younger, that I came to recognize over the week. I am excited for what's to come next year!!!! *Verboden* showcases a lot of passion, by both its artists and attendees. ©



Under Review

MUSIC



BEEBOMB

What Do People Do All Day

04/01/2024 | PLACEHOLDER

Some albums come at you with grandeur - big declarations, sweeping emotions, polished crescendos. Others are quieter, more intimate, less concerned with presentation than with presence. BEEBOMB's *What Do People Do All Day*

Day falls firmly in the latter camp. But don't mistake its rawness for simplicity. This is a record that holds multitudes. It's not just music - it's a mirror, a mood, a soft place to land after a long, disjointed day. It's the sonic equivalent of realizing someone else gets it, and without needing to say much, they hand you a cup of water, slide over on the couch, and just sit with you.

The emotional landscape of the album is immediately familiar to anyone who's felt overworked, under-rested, and vaguely absurd about their own attempts at adulthood. It captures that disjointed rhythm of being alive in the 2020s - the way time slips sideways, how ordinary tasks feel monumental, how humour and heartbreak cohabitate in the same hour. There's nothing neat about this record. And that's its brilliance. It embraces fragmentation, the kind we all feel but rarely articulate. It offers no five-step solutions, no false hope. Instead, it gives us a kind of solidarity: sound as shelter.

From the opening moment, there's a palpable sense of recognition. The textures are jagged, worn-in, imperfect, by design. Guitars hum with a kind of disoriented energy, the drums don't so much march as stumble. But none of it feels sloppy. It feels honest. This isn't performance for the sake of polish. It's expression for the sake of survival. BEEBOMB doesn't scream to be heard; they murmur, mutter, growl, sigh - each vocal gesture like another page torn out of a diary and tossed, still warm, into the air.

One standout track that encapsulated this feeling for me was "Gnasty Gnorc." Even just saying the title out loud feels like a joke, a wink - but the song itself walks the tightrope between absurdity and sincerity with remarkable finesse. It channels the kind of anger that's almost too ridiculous to name, the frustration of trying to be a person in a world that feels like it's permanently glitching. But instead of collapsing into cynicism, it turns the chaos into catharsis. There's humor here - dark, brittle, maybe - but it's real. And more importantly, it's shared. You laugh, and in laughing, you exhale something you didn't realize you'd been holding in. For example, "On Fire" begins in a haze - guitar tones and drums wobble slightly out of tune, as if unsure of where to land. The rhythm feels suspended, resisting forward motion, content to hover instead. Each element - muted percussion, distant textures, murky layering - contributes to a sense of drifting introspection. Rather than building toward a climax, the song loops inward, like it's circling a thought too slippery to pin down. There's a raw physicality to it, not in loudness but in presence: a tension in the slow pacing, the heat of distortion just under the surface, the breathy closeness of the vocals. It's not trying to say something - it's trying to "feel" through something. That's what makes it such a clear embodiment of stillness, fragmentation, and full-body emotion. It doesn't seek resolution; it offers resonance.

The emotional arc of the album isn't linear, because real emotional processing rarely is. There are surges of fury, moments of absurd glee, stretches of numbness, and sudden tenderness. The album doesn't climax or resolve in the traditional sense. Instead, it drifts, circles, pauses. It makes space for stillness, for fragmentation, for half-finished thoughts and full-body feelings. There's deep care in that choice, a kind of musical hospitality. BEEBOMB isn't trying to fix anything. They're making room for you to feel whatever it is you're already feeling, without judgment or agenda.

The production, too, supports this sense of spaciousness. Nothing feels overly polished. The rough edges are left intact. You can hear the hiss of distortion, the scratch of strings, the breath in the microphone. These aren't flaws, but artifacts of intimacy. It sounds like it was recorded in a bedroom, not a studio. And that's precisely where it belongs: in the lived-in corners of our lives, in the places where we drop the act.

What's most striking to me about *What Do People Do All Day* is how generous it feels. It's not just about BEEBOMB's experience - it's about yours, mine, ours. It invites listeners not just to nod along, but to rest, to rage, to laugh at nothing, to lie flat on the floor and call it a day. It understands the value of those moments that don't get Instagrammed: the ones where nothing gets done and everything is quietly endured. It treats those moments not as failures, but as facts of life. And it celebrates them - not in a cloying, "self-care" kind of way, but with a radical kind of empathy. The kind that doesn't try to make things pretty. It just says: "me too."

The album's final impression isn't one of collapse. It's something gentler, and in some ways, more powerful. It feels like someone reaching across the noise of daily life to say, "I know it's a lot. You don't have to be okay. You don't have to be productive. You don't have to pretend. You're allowed to be tired. You're allowed to be strange. You're allowed to just be." And somehow, in that message, there's hope - not in spite of the chaos, but within it. A quiet resilience. A heartbeat under the noise. So, what do people do all day? We get through. We falter. We laugh when it's easier than crying. We listen to albums like this one. And for a moment, we remember: we are not alone.

And that, somehow, is enough.— *Jess Lee*



smewhere

hang back

1/3/2025 | SELF-RELEASED

No artist, when presenting their work to the world, is fond of hearing "y'know who your style reminds me of?" Even with the best intentions, it reads to an artist as saying "this medium, this personal voice of yours, I've heard it before," and it's for that

reason that I usually avoid direct comparison in these reviews, keeping my reading of a project strictly within the context of the project itself. I bring this up because I believe one of the great strengths of smewhere's *hang back* is its similarity to other projects, its capacity to throw its hat into so many different rings and to hold its own in every one of them, and I don't want praise of versatility to come off as a claim to unoriginality. I'll attempt not to write it as such, and I ask that you don't read it as such.

Onto the meat of the project, I have to stop and offer sufficient flowers to this project's first track, "duck!". A mellow, almost analog piece of production meanders as smewhere monologues over top, explaining that his efforts to flesh out his backlog are analogous to the building of a megastructure, every new project tantamount to the installing of rebar or the pouring of concrete.

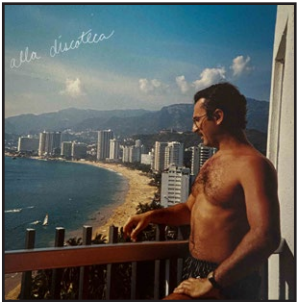
As its very first song, this analogy essentially becomes *hang back*'s thesis - "here's what I'm doing, why I'm doing it, and why you should listen" - a statement piece in the most literal sense of those two words that gives the six tracks that follow an air of utmost importance.

And of those six tracks, no single thing stands out quite like their production. Here begin the comparisons, but not to call these songs derivative - rather, as *hang back* oscillates from sound to sound and genre to genre, it enters not as a copycat of that sound's icons, but as an equal voice in that wider choir. The back-to-back of "toouu" and "dontchu" puts this on full display - a ghoulish, sample-heavy instrumental not unlike something off the latest jev. project, with deeply distorted vocals to boot, gives way to a beautiful, floaty instrumental that wouldn't be out of place on a Larry June / Alchemist collab album. The gap in style and substance between these two songs couldn't be much wider, and yet they come across as two cooperative pieces in a cohesive project. One song later, "isitru" breaks this spectrum across a new third dimension, reading like a Japanese city-pop track tossed into an old Nintendo 64 and shaken vigorously. It's effortlessly retro in its sound, just substantive enough to build its own distinct character but just light enough to supplement smewhere's equally unique performance over top, striking a balance between vocal and instrumental that, at least in my time reviewing, some smaller artists tend to struggle with. Neither hogs the spotlight, and either shine all the brighter as a consequence of the other.

Following "isitru", the album's three remaining tracks do away with vocals altogether, putting full emphasis on smewhere's capacity as a producer (and making a fantastic show of it, no less). "howmuchluv", being built almost entirely on its piano and sample choice, feels strongly reminiscent of some of the shorter cuts on *Take Me To Your Leader* - and I don't make comparisons to DOOM or his aliases lightly. "wordisbon" and "outsyde" are similarly stripped back, the former sounding like menu music to a licensed Breaking Bad game for the Sega Genesis, and the latter, the last and shortest of *hang back*'s offerings, lets its hypnotic sample sail this album into the night on one last peaceful note. All three of these instrumentals are great additions to the project, though a part of me wishes they'd been given the same vocal treatment as the songs before them. "outsyde" and "wordisbon" seem especially ripe with opportunity, and to leave them as blank instrumentals is not necessarily a mistake, but approaching a missed opportunity - after all, since this project is an effort in building a strong backlog as "duck!" suggests, and since there can be no doubt of smewhere's potential as a producer, these instrumentals would've made for excellent pengame pedestals.

All told, *hang back* is an undeniably promising offering from an artist who seems in no short supply of new music, having released three more projects since this one came out in early January. Already smewhere is moving positively and consciously, aware of the work it takes to build a name for oneself and willing to undertake it like few others in his position would be, and this kind of mindset - supplemented, of course, with so much genuine talent - can only go well.

Keep at it, smewhere - it's a long climb to the top, we think you've got what it takes.—*Gabriel Bell*



Neighbourly

Alla Discoteca

06/13/2024 | SELF-RELEASED

"Buona sera, andiamo alla discoteca." That is what you will be saying after listening to Neighbourly's psychedelic and disco influenced EP *Alla Discoteca*. With all of its lyrics in Italian, it is sure to make you groove like you're in the club in Italy, drunk on Aperol Spritz. While it is an enjoyable and cohesive listen, with consistently good tracks, there are some improvements that can be made.

The opening track, "Cool Breeze," has a familiar soft rock sound to it. With the guitar filters that many artists use nowadays and the chill but upbeat rhythm, it would not sound out of place on a 2020's indie rock playlist. That is, until 50 seconds in, the track's disco and funk elements take over, now with a disco-reminiscent filter on the lead guitar, heavy bass, synth, and vocal stylings reminiscent of Rafaella Carrá - an important figure in Italian disco, incorporating more Italian elements to go along with the Italian lyrics of the EP. These elements

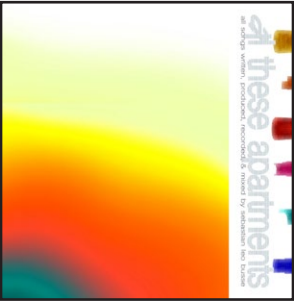
come together to give the track a certain groove, reminiscent of funk and disco, which gives me something to hook onto. This is all while the track remains calm, reinforcing the Mediterranean vibes and living up to its name. This track is a strong opener, which is important because it sets the mood for the rest of the record, and the opener can determine whether or not people listen to the rest of the record.

As for the second track entitled "E...", I have the same feelings as I do for "Cool Breeze." Disco with Italian vibes, which I enjoy. I will say that the transition from "Cool Breeze" to "E..." was incredibly smooth. Good transitions are something I always enjoy when listening to a record because it shows that the artist is paying attention to the record as a whole, not just treating each track like they exist in a vacuum. Also, starting the EP with two instrumental tracks is an interesting choice; It does a good job of setting the tone and the vibe for the rest of the record. It tells the listener the musical ideas that will be employed throughout the record and offers a base for the lyrics and vocal stylings to add on to in the rest of the EP.

Now, onto the third track, "La Notte." This is my favourite track on the EP because it exemplifies everything coming together to create this wonderfully groovy song - complete with soft vocals. The main thing I enjoy about the instrumental is how upbeat it is. The instrumental consisting solely of a bass guitar, drums, and bits of synth really work to make the song groove beyond simply being upbeat. These also work to sell the Italo disco vibes of the record, an identity which is best conveyed through the vocals, which are all in Italian. I really enjoy how the vocals fit in with the groove and how they are delivered, because they are soft and simplistic, while still being fun. This is a song that I can envision myself dancing to in the club in Italy.

After the high that is "La Notte", it is in the last two tracks, "Rana Toro" and "Sogno Perfetto" are where the flaws of this EP become apparent. These two tracks still have all the disco and funk elements of all the previous tracks, the bass guitars, the funky guitar filters, the rhythms, and the synths. But I feel that these two tracks, and the record as a whole, could have been more upbeat. They could have gone further down the groove route. I feel like *that* would have sold the disco and funk inspirations of the record better - although, this could also have been born of a personal preference towards more upbeat music. Considering Neighbourly's discography, they could have done very well at making the record upbeat, as it would not be a new thing for them. The other flaw that became apparent in the last two tracks is that the record did not sell me on the Italo disco vibes. Maybe that was not Neighbourly's intention, but the Italian lyrics lead me to expect more Italian vibes and I do not think that Neighbourly fully delivers in this regard. I feel that the record was more reminiscent of California than Italy - especially in the last two tracks. The saving grace is that these flaws did not become apparent until the last two tracks, and that these flaws are not major.

On the whole, the record is good. While there is no major standout track, the quality is very consistent from track to track, and the record has no major flaws. Furthermore, the record is cohesive and provides a good listening experience, while fitting in well with Neighbourly's discography. The two improvements that I can suggest are that the record could be more upbeat and that the Italo disco vibes could be incorporated more. Otherwise, the production and composition was good. I would recommend listening to this EP, I would give it a 7 out of 10.—*John Craig*



Su Bastian

All These Apartments

05/10/2025 | SELF-RELEASED

All These Apartments is an experimental, independent and introspective six track EP from local artist Su Bastian (also known for previous works under the alias Cherry Blu). At times sparse and dreamy, Su Bastian leans into a slower, more contemplative headspace on this release. He infuses Frank Ocean-like alternative R&B vocal tracks with a hazy North American twist that adds a degree of depth while contemplating daily life in Downtown Vancouver.

The title track and closer, "All These Apartments", captures that absent-minded quality of gazing from a balcony and peering aimlessly into the worlds of those in adjacent blocks. Su

Bastian observes and composes as we live our independent but interconnected lives.

The EP's cover, also created by Su Bastian, depicts a fiery red figure with arms crossed in a grey box, surrounded by an anxious face – perhaps representing the bemused apartment dweller, living in an anxiety inducing world. Coming in at just over 26 minutes, *All These Apartments* is comforting, thought-provoking and carries your attention with variety and style.

The album opens with "Hold Your Tongue", a track that starts with the slow introduction of shakers, keys, harmonic backing vocals and light guitar picking. The song grows and builds before slowing right down for the final minute and taking an interesting left turn. The arrangement transforms into an echoey, bubbly daydream with spacious organ drones that help the listener land back down to earth. It's an unexpected but pleasant shift – one that recurs throughout the journey of the EP.

"Shirt Never Fits" leans into an underground pop sound, with autotuned vocals exploring themes of frustration in lines like; "I feel wasted when I'm with you" and "Every shirt wasn't fit for you." There is a lot of experimentation on this track, with stuttered breaks added to drum patterns and reverb delay effects on vocals – but in a way that makes the track more interesting rather than becoming a distraction.

The third track, "8 Atmostalgic", is a shimmering, warm and fuzzy instrumental which gradually builds into a rich, cosmic, japanese video game soundtrack. Prepare to be transported to the underwater level of Donkey Kong Country or the empty valleys of Final Fantasy VII.

The pattern of gear shifts is present again in "It's Tuesday Night Again". An excellent breakbeat comes into play at the two minute mark that really injects life into the track before the final two minutes returns to the isolated chord progression.

The final two tracks on the EP are closely connected in terms of sound and design and feel interconnected and complementary. "Cloud Saver" starts with a rough high-hat and damp kick drum before breaking into a looser arrangement with electronic keys and a glitchy 8-bit loop that is lifted by contrasting analog sounds. It's another instrumental that keeps adding layers as it develops.

It melts beautifully into the albums final track, "All These Apartments", with some of the sounds bleeding from one track to the next before stripping back to piano chords and solo vocals. "All These Apartments" is a wonderful piece of music, and has been one of my favourite tracks since its release last year. It's simple, subtle, gorgeously composed, and just works incredibly well as a closer. There is a lovely, comforting arpeggio that mimics the lyrical tones and almost sounds like an accompanying voice alongside Su Bastian as he takes in the surroundings of his apartment block and creates. The song has a soft beauty to it, one that proves a song doesn't need to be loud and overpowering to command attention.

All These Apartments can, at times, feel like looking behind the curtain as an artist finds their voice. The quality, skill, and creative spirit shine through and make this a great listening experience.

A recurring pattern emerges across several tracks; they begin with a pattern of starting with sparse instrumentation before reaching a peak and allowing things to settle once more. It's an experimental style shift for Su Bastian, who sounds relaxed and comfortable on this output. In the record's vocal tracks, lyrics can sometimes get lost and it becomes difficult to decipher words when they fight for space with dense soundscapes, but they are so beautifully crafted that it doesn't really take away from the overall enjoyment of the EP.

With plenty of sonic twists and turns to keep you entertained, and an outstanding final track, *All These Apartments* is a special way to connect with an artist as they sit with themselves and their surroundings — *Mark Lynch*



DAVIN

Good Daughter

11/30/2024 | SELF-RELEASED

While listening to DAVIN's 2024 album *Good Daughter*, I found myself thinking of horror movies. The thought seems out of place – its soft, staticy tones and well-crafted lyrics don't evoke terror. However, there are different kinds of scary films: some full of blood, of bodies being ripped apart and the kind of shock that hits you hard. But there are scary movies that pull the fear from shadows – no gore, just shaky breathing and darkness, the anticipation of what's behind the corner. *Good Daughter* reminds me of those deep, cavernous fears. This is the kind of album that gets under your skin.

The track "Myself" originally spurred this idea. It's quick, groovy and full of DAVIN's characteristic soft vocals. The instrumental lacks sharp edges – at no point is there an intense guitar line or anything harder than a drum beat. But this is the core of how *Good Daughter* evokes feeling; the ending quickens in pace, a certain ambient sound getting louder and swallowing the track. It overwhelms the listener with noise, but the noise lacks abrasiveness, creating this unsure feeling of being trapped in a dark place.

"Myself" is not the only track that came across cinematically to me; this movie-esque tone comes through in the first song, "The Light Under The Door." It's full of static and a flowy, 50s kind of sway. DAVIN's lyricism comes through in each song, using concise, particular images made for overachieving, burnt out young women. The lyrics "Waiting for something / I can't be sure will happen to me / Always waiting, / But nothing ever happens to me" are so simple but so effective.

"Cavity" hints at a brighter range of the album, initially covered in sprinkles, glitter and stars, but there's a welcome harshness which creeps in after the chorus. Again, the lyrics come in with this relatability – "I can't help but paint you out as the villain / You've got what they want so / You've got what I'm missing / I don't wanna be you / [...] / I just wanna be you a little bit." The lyricism is where DAVIN inserts catharsis, while the instrumental remains mellow.

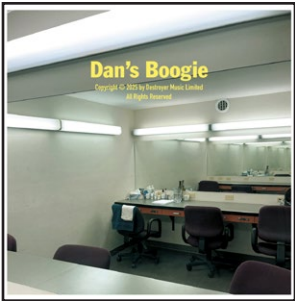
The song that epitomizes this album to me is "Layla's Song." It starts off quite dreamy, with light percussive noises that provide the tonal clarity I crave in some of the other fuzzier songs. The track then gets discordant and wobbly as aliens crash land into its dreaminess, inserting beeps and whooshes. The sound gets a bit angstier (in an earthly way) before the final chorus. If I had to point to a song that encapsulates the depth of DAVIN's sound, it would be the bright, wavering blurriness found here.

However, "Porcelain" taps into a sweet spot in the artist's range, one that *Good Daughter* doesn't utilize enough. Some songs feel like watching rain fall and this is one of them – distant, slightly fuzzy, leaning into gentle, angelic folk hues. The lyrics are once again modest, but not doing too much is an underrated strength. All aspects of "Porcelain" shine; it's a song that captures the light in a jar and keeps it warm.

DAVIN's instrumentals are notably cinematic, especially in "mirror;mirror." It starts off with this clumsy, discordant piano, adding a quality of youth to the noise. This sound transforms as the song goes on; near the middle, it sounds like someone is knocking in the background. It wakes you up as the lyrics paint the simple scene "As I drift off to sleep / I listen to you breathe / Panicked when I thought you stopped." The knocking really perforates DAVIN's consistently melodic tone, which works both for and against the song, adding drama at the risk of incohesion. Nevertheless, the song paints an interesting musical picture, dipping into unease and crunchy sinisterness after that gentle beginning.

The final song of the album, "Good Daughter," gives everything its title promises to those who know what to expect. Once again, DAVIN's simple and concise lyricism lends so well to these sentiments of not feeling good enough, all while overthinking and yearning for times that weren't so complex. The chorus of "And I know / I'll always be met with laughter / All I ever wanted / Was to be a good daughter" reflects so much about self-perceived unworthiness. Combined with a complementary instrumental that starts off minimal and gains depth, the lyrics truly get the space they merit.

Altogether, DAVIN’s *Good Daughter* sounds like a memory, full of reflective lyricism and mellow tones. It is an utterly clean debut album – DAVIN presents a clear sonic range and wields words very well to portray sentiments that are relatable to a lot of people. If anything, I would have liked the album to add more harshness and clarity into its instrumental, but it certainly makes a stable home for itself in the muffled fog. —*Elita Menezes*



Destroyer

Dan’s Boogie
03/28/2025 | MERGE

Destroyer, fronted by Vancouver-born singer-songwriter Dan Bejar has been in the business since 1995. This year marked the 30th anniversary of the artist’s music project, over the course of which Bejar has churned out 14 studio albums. A former English and Philosophy UBC dropout, Bejar began playing music at 21 and has since made a name for himself as a legend in the Vancouver music scene. Known for his other titles such as *Kaputt* and *LABYRINTHITIS*, the artist’s sound can be described as both subversive and optimistic.

Dan’s Boogie houses nine songs running from piano ballads to blues tracks and even some more jazz and experimental pieces. In terms of themes, the album seems to be worldbuilding around the character of an everyday man, touching occasionally on the hardships of the middle class. At the same time, these lyrics are loosely associated strings of propositions – a journey through the content of Bejar’s consciousness. Whatever the content of these quirky lines, Bejar delivers them via a truly theatrical performance of echoing vocals. On “The Same Thing as Nothing at All”, the synth-dominated, whimsical opening track to *Dan’s Boogie*, the jazzy piano balladry quickly merges with a psychedelic tone – one that Bejar will continually revisit on the album.

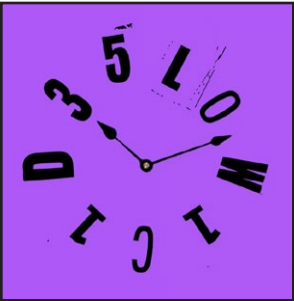
“Hydroplaning Off the Edge of the World” takes the synth sound of the former track and runs with it through a simpler structure and a clear chord progression. The song has a more joyful tone in contrast to the mysterious and psychedelic sound of the opening track. “Ignoramus of Love” similarly continues this simple structure, with the introduction of strings as Bejar sings about longing and loss. In *Dan’s Boogie*, Bejar demonstrates his unique poetic style through lines such as; “Walk miles for your Turkish delight in the rain / The opera house is a jam space for the desperate and insane.” Listening to this track, it’s hard not to imagine Bejar at his piano for the first time, mediating the free flow of words and images through a slow ballad.

“Bologna” comes as a change of pace from the highly structured arrangements of the last two tracks. It’s hard to decide which is the biggest highlight: the strong baseline or the addition of a vocal performance from Fiver, the current alias of Canadian singer-songwriter Simone Schmidt. The singer’s voice complements this song, which is less about stringing together a series of clever lines than to convey a mood. The song’s highly repetitive lines “you’ll never see me again” and “bologna,” marks a change from Destroyer’s offbeat lyrical style.

By the time the ballad “I Materialize” appears in the queue, Bejar henceforth abandons the mysterious and psychedelic tone of the first half of the album. The gag-moment that is offered by the song abruptly cutting off at 1:18 while Bejar sings “It never stops. N-n-never stops” was a very playful way to mark the halfway point of the album. Following this short and sweet excerpt, , Bejar pivots into the blues-inflected “Sun Meets Snow,” an energetic and multilayered track that serves as a kind of emotional and sonic climax within the album’s arc of enigmatic balladry. The track is followed by a relaxed instrumental in “Cataract Time” that no longer features the previously central synth. The album concludes minimalistically with the sweet piano chord progression in “Travel Light,” a song that evokes feelings of reflection and nostalgia.

Circling back to the question of characterising the whole thematically, “flow of consciousness” seems like an accurate way to describe the lyrical content of Bejar’s album. Some of the images crafted by the artist, such as the “stockbroker weeps for his 80s” appear to have a political quality underlying them. We are also left with a couple passing comments about a repeatedly named “rich man,” the pharmaceutical industry and the endless waking up again to take the sky train for work. Yet Bejar’s lyrics never contribute to forming a singular idea across the

songs or album. The playful stance Bejar adopts towards his song writing throughout *Dan’s Boogie* results in numerous creative lines that can be appreciated for their beauty and vivid imagery. After a three-decade spanning career, the 53-year-old singer has certainly become unapologetically comfortable in his endearing style, which is put effortlessly display in this album.—*Elodie Vaudandaine*



SLOWICIDE

“WHERE’S MY LIGHTER,” “FAULT” and “AU-TOPILOT” (Singles)

03/28/2025

At first listen, I understood “Where’s My Light” as featuring references to the Anarcho-nihilist concept of ‘no future,’ aging, and feelings of isolation which appear across *Where’s My Light*, Slowicide’s newest single. These Anarcho-nihilist themes are particularly clear in the lyrics, which include theoretical references of ‘no future’ – very iykyk vibes, but I love that. From this introductory perspective, what it means to be a light or a lighter is seems to be a *Blessed is the Flame* reference, but that later transforms with the lyrics in the second verse – which examine themes of being too mature for your young age, growing up to be obedient, and the isolation that comes with being surrounded by people. From this vantage point, the question of “where’s my lighter / where’s my light” carries a new connotation, one that feels as though it is an introspective question in retrospect, after recognizing parts of herself were lost to constructs of maturity and obedience that she conformed to – the loss of one’s blessed flame.

“Fault” is an underrated pop-punk anthem for survivors, and everyone who seeks to abolish the patriarchy. The song lyrically explores paralysis – the freeze trauma response – that comes with being questioned after sharing personal experiences of sexual assault; the typical, reactionary victim blaming narratives that haunt victims that come forward; and the archetype of cis men who make performative proclamations of feminism as a means of trying to portray themselves as neither threatening nor people to be vigilant around, despite being beneficiaries of the patriarchy.

I really appreciate how paralysis was lyrically expressed, it holds relevance that goes beyond conversations regarding the pursuit of accountability after situations like this occur. It has the potential to be relatable among those who have various experiences that have induced trauma, and who haven’t had any means of closure or resolve brought upon them externally. “Fault” has the potential to be a means of solace for people who are enduring or processing trauma, through expressing their righteous rage.

“Autopilot” seems to be a euphemism for dissociation and derealization, featuring electric guitar and polyrhythms that I, as a pop-punk producer myself, really appreciate the intricacies of. The grunge-legato guitar parts sit in contrast to the fast paced rhythms, illustrating the chaotic routines of the working class, and the sense of detachment one develops to adapt to the monotony of wage slavery – chefs kiss. I can’t wait to be pushed around in a mosh pit to this song at the next Slowicide set!

I would love to have a conversation about screaming in songs with Raine and what the experience is like, vocalist to vocalist, cuz I want to get into screaming but I’m not familiar with the proper vocal technique.

I really look forward to experiencing these songs live and being thrown around in a mosh pit to these songs – hopefully soon! — *DANI YOUR DARLING*



Coup D’Etat

What Happens After The Epilogue?

12/13/2024 | YETZA HARA/TOMB TREE

What Happens When the Dust Settles? When the Book Closes, Does Another Open? Do the Dead Return? Can Those Who Survive Ever Forgive Themselves? What Happens After the Epilogue?

Coup D’Etat have perfected REAL fake emo. Hailing from Victoria, I had somehow never listened to the whispers I heard about them

until a few months ago. Victoria has had a rich history of screamo/emo/hardcore bands over the years with bands like New York City Rhythm, Ache Hour Credo, Daddy’s Hands, Breakwater, and Republic of Freedom Fighters during the ’90s, to Dastard, JOBSITE, and now, Coup D’Etat. The modern day emo tradition continues.

The guitars deliver a comfortingly warm, distorted, yet jangly tone of angst. The snare tone is so crisp, yet so round and full, the kick hits like a truck, and the cymbals contrast between soft intros/breakdowns and violent punctuations of crashing instrumentation. The bass is chugging away in the background, grooving whilst highlighting the melodies and chords. The vocals are frantic, transitioning from desperate, anguished screams to melodic belts to spoken word passages.

The scene is set with the album cover – which portrays a medieval mood of disdain. A distraught girl with her head in her hands, tears falling from her eyes, outside the entrance of some building. News of something bad, a final rejection maybe? What happens after this? The story after the story. It never ends. What will the epilogue tell us? Will the truth ever be found out, or will we forever entertain the far reaching, ever-wandering delusions of our psyches? A coup d’etat is in the making. An ode to the rumblings of tomorrow and those fed up with the people and relationships they see around them. It’s exactly the way I think records should be. Short and sweet. All killer no filler.

We get it all: an emotionally poignant and stunning show of piano balladry, violent crash/kicks getting slammed by constant tempo oscillations, blasted beats blistering, unrecognizable wails with tasty buildups, airy chords, doubled vocals, an epic guitar solo, and endless yearnings.

Fuck an album review. Here’s some emo poetry based on the album I wrote while listening to it :P Listen to this record in your vehicle at 165dB (approximately what you’ll hear from a .357 gunshot <3)

*Letting go, I felt nothing but weightlessness
Suspended above winter clouds
Soft skin and waiting hands,
The question is asked but the answer I know nothing of
The pride of feelings seemingly unattainable
Can I live to see tomorrow under the light I desire?
The light where we are left stranded, caught content and alone
If we find it -- nous bataillons
Distressed handmaiden
I lay twisted on bloody tiles
You made a decision you can’t go back on
Finality, I’ve mistaken for twin transactions
I run, and they have all gone away
I abhor you
Misfortune maker, despised and dated
You won’t buy your way out of shame
A cautionary tale in failure
You’ve claimed to have risen above it all
You are but flesh imprisoned
hey kid – wake up, get mauled —Jay Ballack*

FROG / Dutch Interior

MARCH 26 @ FOX CABARET
.....

Hearing my first Frog song, “You Know I’m Down,” two things captivated me: the intimacy of soft, enveloping synths and the honesty with which Dan Bateman (guitar/piano/vocals) opens up to the listener. He and his bandmates, brother Steve Batman (drums/vocals) and Thomas White (bass), share those awkward yet heartfelt moments one would feel more comfortable stashing in a diary than offering up on a stage. Experiences that, to some, may seem mundane are instead turned into folk and alt-country ballads, greased with plenty of harmonized vocal cracks and falsetto. These songs feel like the warm incandescent glow of streetlights, wintertime confessions in unstarted cars, and the embrace after a long silence. Frog hops from genre to genre like lily pads, leaving you unsure of where you might find them next. Yes, “alt-country” may be one of the labels you could use with their more honky-tonk twang, but often influences from soul, ’70s pop, and Midwest emo bleed into their sound. All this is to say – Frog has been a standout band for me, with every new release making for cherished listening. So it is with these experiences that left me counting down the days to actually see my beloved frogs in person.

Showing up half an hour late to the opener, my friends and I managed to shuffle ourselves to the front of the crowd, one which seemed to have been generationally segregated between millennials and younger zoomers. The honeyed sounds of the opener, Dutch Interior, quickly lowered my anxieties about missing some of the music. The members played along, as if caught in a trance, lost in their laid-back sound. I was brought to the *Tranquility Base Hotel & Casino* era of the Arctic Monkeys with Dutch’s introduction of the harmonium and slide guitar. Jack Nugent, who juggled harmonium, guitar, and vocals, shifted the sound on their penultimate song, embracing grungy vocals and playing something that was reminiscent of a band like Mineral. Their last song had the group coming together to play a barn burner, centred around two duelling guitars, trading places in leading the song’s direction. By this time, the crowd was picking up a bit, beginning to unfold their arms and start nervously bouncing to the band’s finale. As they finished up and received plenty of applause, the energy in the room flipped; everyone was on edge to see Frog.

The little I had known about the band’s following came from their UK tours during the mid-2010s, where they had online, radio, and chart success alongside a tour film/road movie, *Kings of Blah*. I always wondered how these upstate kids made it all the way across the pond, and how they’re received in North America. The friends who had joined me were also unsure of what to expect, only having heard a few songs before getting there. When members of Frog began appearing on stage to set up, they laughed, joking that Dan Bateman looked like he’d just gotten off of work. “He looks like he doesn’t know where he is,” one said. “He looks like he just got fired, and now he’s at the bar,” said another. Indeed, Dan’s wrinkled button-up and black suit pants did give him the appearance of a salaryman who got lost while searching for his local watering hole. To the right of the stage, a smoke machine puffed out an occasional plume, scaring the members and giving the appearance of a stage held up by spit wads and duct tape. Then, almost out of nowhere, the band started playing. Dan Bateman said almost nothing in between songs; he just played, using every inch of his lung capacity, singing, sweating and spitting. While the veins in his face bulged and his feet stamped, he barely moved his lower torso, giving him the appearance of someone unable to find the toilet. Behind him, Steve Bateman played on, helping to provide structure to each song as he looked outward to nowhere in particular. Danny, as his brother calls him, appeared to be bursting at the seams, getting the urge to start guitar solos out of nowhere and end them just as quickly. Despite the frenetic style, his eyes would shift to the rafters, allowing himself a confident smirk. Initially, they played a lot of cuts from their newest album, *1000 Variations on the Same Song*, including “HOUSEBROKEN VAR.IV” with its chorus of “Not fucking around, not fucking around, not fucking around,” shouted out by me and the crowd. Between songs, Steve would meekly ask how everyone was doing, in the same register as water cooler conversation, suddenly cut-off by Danny, sprinting to the next song. The older-brother, young-brother dynamic became more full, with Steve asking on Danny’s behalf if we would mind him disrobing from his office shirt. As the crowd responded in thunderous approval, Count Bateman took a sip of Yellow Dog ale and flung off his shirt and revealed a white tank top.

The band continued; during breaks, Thomas and Steve would share banter, allowing Danny to catch his breath before bursting out into the next song. They changed from guitar to piano ballads as the white spots on Dan’s tank top gradually greyed, leaving only a shrinking island of white on his chest. “Goes w/o Saying” transformed into a Paris 1919-esque anthem, and new songs were randomly added to the track list. One song was so new that Thomas and Steve didn’t even know what to play, as Dan burst out screaming about getting top on his iPhone and begging for affection. The tail-end of their set touched on some of their back catalogue: “So Twisted Fate,” “Judy Garland,” and “Don’t Tell Me Where You’re Going” began eruptions of sing-a-long and dance. Before we knew it, the spitting, sweating, and singing were over, and all members smiled and thanked us. Plushie frogs, one with a zip tie around its neck, were given to Thomas and after a sobering encore, we were cast back onto the rainy street of Main and 7th, making our trek back home.

Finally seeing Frog felt like an accomplishment; the band that had always felt like the product of some 17-year-old theatre coworker, unsure of their emotions, grew up. They were still unsure of the right thing to say or when, but they had more to take care of, children to teach, and bills to pay. I, for one, hope they return, just so those unable to catch this show can see them.—Euan Chynoweth

CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

"Discorder recommends listening to CiTR every day." - Discorder.

	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY			FRIDAY		SATURDAY			SUNDAY		
6 AM	Citr Ghost Mix		Pacific Pickin'		Democracy Now!		Citr Ghost Mix			Citr Ghost Mix		Radio Art Overnight			Citr Ghost Mix		6 AM
7 AM	Words and Culture				Harbinger Showcase		Vazhadha Vazhkai			Viewpoints Citr Ghost Mix					Electronic Intifada		7 AM
8 AM	Breakfast with the Browns		Queer FM		Suburban Jungle		In Search of Lost Venues	Citr Ghost Mix	Queer FM		The Saturday Edge			Future Ecologies		8 AM	
9 AM							Russian Tim Show							Classical Chaos		9 AM	
10 AM	Album Club		Citr Ghost Mix	In Our Gaybourhood	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			Film Picnic		Shookshookta			10 AM		
11 AM			Green Forest Grove	Citr Ghost Mix	Jesse's Lit					Discollie					11 AM		
12 PM	Lethal Refresh		Citr Ghost Mix		The Shakespeare Show		Duncan's Donuts		Dave Radio Presents the Eclectic Lunch		Unceded Airwaves		The Rockers Show		12 PM		
1 PM	Parts Unknown		Saxophone a l'apres midi		La Bonne Heure w. Valie	Le Reetual	What's in the Hat (Every 2nd Thurs)	Hail! Discordia! (Every 3rd Thurs)	Muse'ish (Monthly)	Citr Ghost Mix	Power Chord				1 PM		
2 PM			Leenin' with Jeff		Training Time		Lyrics we Love	Citr Ghost Mix		BePi Crespán Presents... and Nardwuar				2 PM			
3 PM	Amateur Hour	Citr Ghost Mix	Citr Ghost Mix		I Come from the Mountain		Citr Ghost Mix	Harmonic Hooligans	Nardwuar the Human Serviette Presents		Code Blue			Radio Latina Mixxx		3 PM	
4 PM	Citr Radio All Sort		Teachable Moments		The Reel Whirled		Citr Ghost Mix	Sonic Spill								4 PM	
5 PM	Unceded Airwaves		Citr Ghost Mix		Noise Complaint	Art Beat	Dead Succulent Haunt		Pacific Noise Weird		Mantra (Bi-Weekly)	The Arman and Akhil Show (Monthly)	Citr Ghost Mix (Monthly)	Music of Ukraine	Vivaporú	5 PM	
6 PM	Spit in Your Ear	Gobstop Perrr	I Luv U Hour	Euro Neuro	Kafou Muzik	Citr Ghost Mix	The Citarchives Show	Mixotroph	Friday Night Fever		Late Night Take-Out	Meow Meow Kitty Girl Kitty Girl Purrr		Saddle & Sound		6 PM	
7 PM	Exploding Head Movies		Citr Ghost Mix	Africa's Lit	The Medicine Show	Sams-Quanc'h's Hideaway	Azzucar Morena	Nebulon Enterprises DTC Slop Trough			Citr Ghost Mix			Bamu-Lades	Citr Ghost Mix	7 PM	
8 PM			Crimes & Treasons			J Chillin		Analog Gematria	Crowd Flip (1st Thurs)	The Mix Soup (2nd Thurs)	Pandora's Box (3rd Thurs)	Canada Post Rock		Citr Ghost Mix	Techno Progressivo		8 PM
9 PM	The Jazz Show				Off the Beat and Path			Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell		Soca Storm		Synaptic Sandwich			Citr Ghost Mix	Attic Jams (Monthly)	9 PM
10 PM			Copy/Paste				Citr Ghost Mix								Randophonic		Citr Ghost Mix
11 PM	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			Radio Art Overnight		The Absolute Value of Insomnia			11 PM		
12 AM															Aftn Soccer Show		One Hour Happy Happy Fun Time Muzik
1 AM	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			1 AM		
2 AM	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			2 AM		
Late Night	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix			Late Night		

	STUDENT PROGRAMMING
	CiTR COLLECTIVE PROGRAMMING
	SYNDICATED PROGRAMMING

DO YOU WANT TO PITCH YOUR OWN SHOW TO CiTR?

EMAIL THE PROGRAMMING MANAGER AT
PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA TO LEARN HOW

Monday

WORDS AND CULTURE

7AM-8AM, TALK / LANGUAGE

Words and Culture weaves conversations with Indigenous language and knowledge keepers together with music by Indigenous artists. The team creating this original content is made up exclusively of Indigenous producers, hosts and guests. Words and Culture is funded by SiriusXM Canada through the Community Radio Fund of Canada.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8AM-11AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

Every Monday morning since 1988 Breakfast with the Browns has been the place offering a chance to stay in a mood... playing all the best ambient, downtempo, electronic, ASMR, pop-lounge-core music...strictly squareville.

• BREAKFASTWITHTHEBROWNS@HOTMAIL.COM

ALBUM CLUB

11AM-12PM, ALBUMS / CLUBS

TBH

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LETHAL REFRESH

12PM-1PM, CLUB / DANCE

On lethal refresh, we scour the net for the hottest new tracks and send them straight to you. Log on for lethal refresh Mondays 3-4 for tracks that are lethal as freak, refreshed each week.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Treading water for over 25 years!!!

• CHRISARIFFIC@GMAIL.COM

AMATEUR HOUR

ALTERNATING MON 3PM-4PM, ROCK/ART/DISCUSSION

Amateur Hour is all about discovering new music by interviewing local, student, and amateur musicians about the music they make and the music they love.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CITR RADIO ALL-SORTS

4PM-5PM, ECCLECTIC/WEIRD/CULTURE

Join new volunteers in CITR's programming department for a dangerously new and eclectic mix of songs every week. Every second week Radio All-Sorts is by and for people who experience gender marginalization. Do you want to be on Radio All-Sorts? Attend a tour of CiTR and become a member

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

UNCEDDED AIRWAVES

5PM-6PM, INDIGENOUS STORIES

Hosted by the Indigenous Collective, Unceded Airwaves unveils the hidden pages of Indigenous history and contemporary existence.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SPIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Presented by the Music Collective of CITR.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

GOBSTOPPERRR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, NO TALK / ONLY ROCK

So good you stop talking.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, FILM/CULTURE/ECCLECTIC

This one-man variety show profiles music from film, TV & other visual media + songs for a future soundtrack. Spotlights cover composers, genres & ambience; all embracing discovery & ironclad whimsy.

• RADIOFREEGAGS@GMAIL.COM

THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ/RAP

A show about Jazz music with emphasis on authentic Jazz music from various eras, and not any common hybrid styles that leave out essential qualities that define authentic Jazz.

• GAVJAZZ@YAHOO.COM

Tuesday

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, BLUEGRASS / COUNTRY / OLD-TIME

The best in Bluegrass. Old-Time, Classic Country, Cajun, Rockabilly, Western Swing and whatever jumps off the shelves at us.

• PACIFICPICKIN@YAHOO.COM

IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD

ALTERNATING TUES 10AM-1030AM, LGBTQIA2S+ / SOCIAL JUSTICE

In Our Gaybourhood is a queer oral history journey exploring the stories and lived experiences of advocates, educators, and students who create space for 2SLGBTQIA+ advocacy, education, and educators in BC.

• INOURGAYBOURHOOD@GMAIL.COM

GREEN FOREST GROVE

ALTERNATING TUES 11AM-12PM, BLUEGRASS / EXPERIMENTAL / ART

Down from the smoky hills of Blue Mountain, along Grey Mountain Road, lies Green Forest Grove, the hidden abode of music production.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI

1PM-3PM, CLASSICAL / JAZZ / ECCLECTIC

The music curated for Saxophone a l'après midi and Saxophone la nuit track the historical and philosophical development of music from jazz sub-genres in the 60's-70's to contemporary music, improvisation, rap, hiphop, and spoken word.

• BAYLIE.ADAMS@ICLOUD.COM

LEENIN' WITH JEFF

2PM-3PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

LEEnin with Jeff explores literature (fiction stories, poetry), romcom reviews, and interviews that give an opportunity for others to be aware of different areas of study and career paths.

• JFLEE007@GMAIL.COM

TEACHABLE MOMENTS

TUES 4PM-5PM, PUNK/ELECTRONIC/EXPERIMENTAL / FOLK / DISCUSSION

citr's 1-stop-shop for what's hot & what's not since 2019

• BTEACHABLEMOMENTS_____

LUV U HOUR

ALTERNATING TUE 6PM, CRUSH / LOVE

<3<3<3

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EURO NEURO

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, DISCUSSION / POLITICS / EUROVISION

Euro Neuro is a Eurovision Song Contest show with a recap of the Contest focusing on how the political and social events have been influencing the contest and song entries.

• EURONEURO.CITR@GMAIL.COM

MOZZY'S MORSELS

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TBD

TBD

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AFRICA'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK/ WORLD

A journey across the globe to faraway countries and distant times. More than just books, it's an hour of music, interviews and analyses brought together to highlight the best of African Literature.

• AFRICA'S.LIT@GMAIL.COM

CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, RAP / CULTURE / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Crimes & Treasons is 2 hours of new uncensored music. Every Tuesday Night at 8pm-10pm PST with hosts Jamal Steeles and Malik.

• DJACRIMESANDTREASONS.COM/CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM

OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

10PM-11PM, TALK / MUSIC

Host Issa Arlian, introduces you to his various interest rough his unique lens. From news, pop culture, to sports. Issa will surely have an interesting take, that is undeniable.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SLIMEWIRE

ALTERNATING TUE 11PM-12AM, MUSIC / DISCUSSION

Still waiting for this world to stop hating

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAXAPHONE LA NUIT

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, JAZZ / SAX

A continuation of Saxophone a l'après midi, at night.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

Wednesday

DEMOCRACY NOW

6AM-7AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD

Democracy Now! produces a daily, global, independent news hour hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan González. Our reporting includes breaking daily news headlines and in-depth interviews with people on the front lines of the world's most pressing issues. On Democracy Now!, you'll hear a diversity of voices speaking for themselves, providing a unique and sometimes provocative perspective on global events.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARBINGER SHOWCASE

7AM-8AM, CURRENT AFFAIRS/SOCIAL JUSTICE / CULTURE

Weekly highlights from Canada's #1 coast-to-coast community of politically and socially progressive podcasts including Alberta Advantage, The Breach Show, Tech Won't Save Us, Press Progress Sources & 55 more.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECCLECTIC / POP

The Suburban Jungle is a music show focusing on funk, soul, dub, downtempo, electronica and other musical genres.

• DJJACKVELVET.NET

JESS'S LIT

11AM-12PM, ART / CULTURE / LITERATURE

Jess' Lit delves into literatures - songs, poetry, books, movies, etc. - of all genres from a variety of eras, providing analysis, or just a fun time exploring new ideas and works throughout history.

• LEEJESS2002@GMAIL.COM

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECCLECTIC / EVERYTHING

Eclectic, all different genres and eras

• DVHPASHAW.CA

LA BONNE HEURE

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, ANYTHING / EVERYTHING

Chatting to your current favourite musicians or helping you discover new ones. From from indie to pop, and everything in between, join 'La Bonne Heure' for a little bit of it all

• VALIE.CA/CONTACT-US

LE REETUAL

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, MUSIC

Do you live and breathe music? On Le Reetual you can dive deep into different musical universes through new categories every episode. Tune in every other Wednesday at 1:00pm for an hour of the best DJ hosts in the world!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LYRICS WE LOVE

LAST WED OF THE MONTH 2-3, MUSIC / LYRICS/LOVE

A show all about lyrics and why we love them! We play tunes and talk about little snippets of lyrics that stand out in each song and why. Each episode will cover a different topic, theme, or guest.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN

WED 3PM-4PM, POP SPELLS / WATER / TOIL

the show that doesn't happen on a physical mountain, but it does happen in the mountains of your mind.

• ARTCOORDINATOR@CITR.CA

THE REEL WHIRLED

ED 4PM-5PM, FILM

When the official show of the UBC Film Society "The Reel Whirled" is a show made by and for film buffs! Hosted by Lily Grove, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ART BEAT

ALTERNATING WED 5PM-6PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The Arts Report, run by CITR's Arts Collective, focuses on arts and culture in so-called 'Vancouver' (and beyond!). Blending reviews, interviews, songs and playful banter, the Arts Report connects listeners to the art community that CITR is part of.

• ARTS@CITR.CA

KAFU MUZIK

ALTERNATING WED 6PM-7PM, FRANCO-PHONE / MUSIC

Discover the music of the Francophone World - from Canada to Vietnam. At Kafou Muzik languages, rhythms, and genres of five continents intersect. Produced in collaboration with UBC's Centre de la Francophonie.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MEDICINE SHOW

ALTERNATING WED 7PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC / PERFORMANCE

Broadcasting Healing Energy with LIVE Music and laughter! A multi-media variety show, featuring LIVE music, industry guests and hopefully some insight.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ANALOG GEMATRIA

ALTERNATING WEDS 8PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC

gematria is the practice of ascribing numerical values to words - probably developed by ancient greeks. much as a playlist consists of each of its parts (a song), each letter of these words have meaning unto themselves in gematrial calculations.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

ALTERNATING WED 630PM-8PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

J CHILLIN

9PM-11PM, TALK/PUNK/RAP/ART

#freeJchillin' ur fav cult classic "radio show"/ nothing happens on this show we just chill literally just shoot the sh/t and listen to music we also we have sick guests n live performances . ONE LOVE . we play everything!!!

• NICKMONIZ@LIVE.CA

AFTN SOCCER SHOW

11PM-1PM, SPORTS / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

A weekly soccer discussion show centered around Vancouver Whitecaps and the game in BC. Established in 2013, it is the longest running English-speaking soccer podcast in Canada.

• AFTNCANADASHOTMAIL.COM

Thursday

IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, WEIRD CULTURE/LOCAL MUSIC HISTORY

Memories of Vancouver live music venues which no longer exist from the local musicians who played there. Each episode is a walk through a neighbourhood.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VAZHADHA VAZHKAJ

7AM-8AM, TALK / WORLD

UBC's Tamil Radio Show! Talking about how we can ensure that Tamil culture is maintained for many generations after immigration.

• VAZHADHAVAZHKAJ@GMAIL.COM

RUSSIAN TIK SHOW

9AM-10AM, PUNK

Hello hello hello! I interview bands and play new, international, and local punk rock music. Broadcasted by Russian Tim in Broken English. Great Success!

• ROCKETFROMRUSSIA.TUMBLR.COM/ROCKETFROMRUSSIA@CITR@GMAIL.COM/8T1MA_TZAR/
FACEBOOK: ROCKETFROMRUSSIA

HORNY MUSIC

11AM-12PM, MUSIC/HORNS/ECCLECTIC

Spreading the love for songs with horns in (brass and sax) linked by a different theme each week. Get ready for some aural pleasure.

• HORNYMUSICSHOW@GMAIL.COM

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Sweet treats from the pop underground, since 2006. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts. "You don't have to be a pro to be on the radio"

• DUNCANSDONUTS@GMAIL.COM

WHAT'S IN THE HAT

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, CULTURE/COMEDY/DISCUSSION

Catch What's in the Hat?, where people with disabilities lead lively games and deep conversations. Each episode offers refreshing takes to some of life's biggest questions. Tune in for genuine moments and unexpected surprises!

• HANNAH.NOLAN@SABILITIES.CA

HAIL! DISCORDIA!

MONTHLY 1PM-2PM, ART / CULTURE / DISORDER

Hail! Discordia! is an audio translation of Disorder Magazine. Every third Thursday Izzy and Zoie spend an hour covering themes/submissions from the recent Disorder publication.

• ISABELLE.WHITTALL31@GMAIL.COM

SONIC SPILL

ALTERNATING THU 2PM-3PM, LEAKS / FLOODS / SOUND

Someone better have brought a mop.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARMONIC HOOLIGANS

ALTERNATING THU 3PM-4PM, MUSIC / EAR SOUNDS

Just three guys trying to show you some new tunes for your ears.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT

5PM-6PM, ROCK/FOLK/ECCLECTIC

A plant- and nature-based alternative music show for everyone from the experts to the over-waterers.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

MIXOTROPH

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, CULTURE/ELECTIC

Allow us to fertilize your mind with an eclectic mix of world sounds and genres, music history and useless trivia. We have something for everyone.

• NGILLOUING@GMAIL.COM

CITARCHIVES SHOW

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, CULTURE/ARTS

Hosted by Sophie Dieblod, the CiTArchives show explores the archives of CITR and Disorder's archives and the treasure found within

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AZZUCAR MORENA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, MUSIC / TALK

Latin culture, migrant experiences, artist support and music.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTC SLOP TROUGH

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, ELECTRONIC

Live, 1-hour mixes featuring strictly the absolute worst the electronic underground has to offer. Expect B2Bs and guest mixes featuring only the most subversive of selectors.

• NEBULON.ENTERPRISES.LLC@GMAIL.COM

CROWD FLIP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, INDIE / ROCK / QUEER

Crowd Flip is both a talk and music show that began by exploring musicology theory through critical lens of gender theory and history.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MIXSOUP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, ELECTRONIC/EXPERIMENTAL/REGIONAL

Dune presents a monthly music show inspired by his travels - The Mixsoup, a healthy broth for your ear bones. The Mixsoup is a journey through space, genre and time, featuring artists from independent music scenes from around the globe.

• DAVID@DUNEASDUNE.BE

PANDORA'S BOX

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, MEDIA/ CULTURE/MYTHOLOGY

Come with us as we dive into mythologies & folktales from around the world, and unbox their unexpected connections with contemporary art, music, media and cultural phenomena!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9PM-11PM, ROCK/POP/PUNK

Thunderbird Radio Hell features live band(s) every week performing in the comfort of the CITR lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world are nice enough to drop by to say hi.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

COPY/PASTE

11PM-12AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

enter a zone and never return. vibe music for dreamers and dancers. syndicated on CITR and n10.as radio, podcast available on apple podcasts.

CiTR101.9 FM CHARTS

may 2025

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	Andrew Mbaruk & Th' Mole*+	Purple Dirndl	EXTRAORDINARY RAP
2	Emma Goldman*+	all you are is we	ZEHEMA BEACH
3	Ribbon Skirt*	Bite Down	MINT
4	miguel maravilla*+	COPING MECHANISMS	SELF-RELEASED
5	Magi Merlin*	A Weird Little Dog	BONSOUND
6	Bloom Effect*+	Portents	TREMBLING
7	Kilometre Club*	wood cookies	SLOW ECHO
8	Milk & Bone*	Baby Dreamer	LITTLE MOURNING
9	Σtella	Adagio	SUB POP
10	Backxwash*	Only Dust Remains	UGLY HAG
11	shn shn*	Serpent's Skin	STADIK
12	TONY PRICE*	**STREET THEATRE**	MAXIMUM EXPOSURE INC.
13	ostraca	Eventualities	PERSISTENT VISION
14	Ghost of a Girl*	Ghost of a Girl	SELF-RELEASED
15	Various Artists	Tsapiky! Modern Music From Southwest Madagascar	SUBLIME FREQUENCIES
16	Jonathan Personne*	Nouveau Monde	BONSOUND
17	L'omelette*	il faut qu'on bouge	SELF-RELEASED
18	ten days late*+	Sticky Flytrap	SELF-RELEASED
19	sunwell*	sunshine, etc.	SELF-RELEASED
20	Pierre Kwenders*	Tears On The Dancefloor	MOONSHINE
21	Kara-Lis Coverdale*	From Where You Came	ENVISION
22	Elkotsh	rhl't jdi	HEAT CRIMES
23	R Sheaves*	MARY SPINS	MILLTOWN
24	Wretched Blessing	Psychic Barriers to Entry	TWO MONGRELS
25	Private Lives*	Salt of the Earth	FEEL IT
26	Men I Trust*	Equus Asinus	SELF-RELEASED
27	Jimmie Kilpatrick*	Jimmie	YOU'VE CHANGED
28	Mermaids Are Real	Mermaids Are Real	ADVENTUROUS MUSIC
29	AMC Gremlin*	return to cloud city	WILDLIFE SANCTUARY
30	Cousin Harley*+	Plays The Blues Vol.1	LA RESERVE
31	Saya Gray*	SAYA	DIRTY HIT
32	The Nausea & Echthros*	Dream Disintegration	AUGHT \ VOID
33	Ichiko Aoba	Luminescent Creatures	PSYCHIC HOTLINE
34	Daevar	Sub Rosa	TLD
35	John Oliver*+	Guitar Paint	SELF-RELEASED
36	Merv xx Gotti*+	Our Love Is Like An Artform	TRIFECTA SOUND
37	Yema*	I feel it too	SELF-RELEASED
38	YUNIS	Ninety Nine Eyes	DROWNED BY LOCALS
39	Rachel Chinouriri	Little House	PARLOPHONE
40	Anne Sulikowski*	take me with you	SELF-RELEASED
41	Franco Rossino*+	Franco Rossino #1	MONO TAPES
42	Bill Can*+	T-BALL	SELF-RELEASED
43	drive your plow over the bones of the dead*+	tragedy as catharsis	SELF-RELEASED
44	idialedyournumber*	Mourning Glow	WARM WALK
45	Sweet Delirium*	Sweet Nothings	SELF-RELEASED
46	Nazar	Demilitarize	HYPERDUB
47	The Hausplants*+	Into Equilibrium	SELF-RELEASED
48	The Radiant*	Table 3	SELF-RELEASED
49	Richard Bégin*+	Déjà Vu	REVERSE ALIGNMENT
50	cortico*+	low	SELF-RELEASED
stay with me			

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played most on air over the last month. Artists with asterisks (*) are Canadian and those marked plus (+) are local. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy addressed to Aisia Witteveen Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes to bello@ctr.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.



mr g LIVE

SUMMER SHOWS

MEI SEMONES

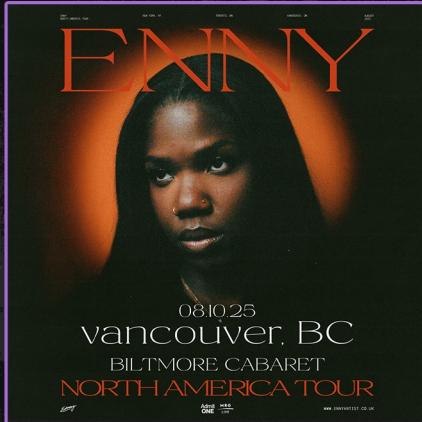


JULY 22
BILTMORE CABARET
VANCOUVER, BC

Admit ONE MRG LIVE



ENNY



RED LEATHER



ICARUS



COSMO SHELDRAKE



EMOTIONAL ORANGES



MRG
LIVE

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT MRGLIVE.COM

MUSIC WASTE 2025 FULL SCHEDULE

<THURSDAY JUNE 5>

GREEN AUTO
1822 PANDORA ST
ALL AGES

UNSEND - 8:00
Mal Criado - 8:45
Luella - 9:30
Slowicide - 10:15

TAKE YOUR TIME BACK
648 KINGSWAY ST
ALL AGES

Yep - 7:00
WAITWAITWHAT - 7:45
2NUMB?DAME? - 8:30

<FRIDAY JUNE 6>

GREEN AUTO
1822 PANDORA ST
ALL AGES

Lil_Babee_AEVA - 8:00
SENTRIES - 8:45
Gadfly - 9:30
JOBSITE - 10:15

TAKE YOUR TIME BACK
648 KINGSWAY ST
ALL AGES

Chris Kitto - 7:00
Triton - 7:45
Maneater - 8:30
Non La - 9:15

<SATURDAY JUNE 7>

GREEN AUTO
1822 PANDORA ST
ALL AGES

Princess Avenue- 8:00
Speed Reader- 8:45
Iushclot - 9:30
scarlet fever - 10:15

TAKE YOUR TIME BACK
648 KINGSWAY ST
ALL AGES

Jack Campbell: Enigmatic Music - 7:00
The Magic Triangle - 7:45
The Goat String Orchestra - 8:30
Mom Cuts My Hair - 9:15

<SUNDAY JUNE 8>

GREEN AUTO
1822 PANDORA ST
ALL AGES

Kers - 1:30
Francis Baptiste - 2:15
Tonk - 3:00

GREEN AUTO
1822 PANDORA ST
ALL AGES

Dawson Forsey- 8:00
DAVIN - 8:45
Kids with Knives - 9:30
BEEBOMB - 10:15

<CO-CURATED>

VANCOUVER BLACK
LIBRARY
268 KEEFER ST #072
ALL AGES

SATURDAY JUNE 7TH

Elbow Kiss - 1:00
Bella Rocas - 1:45
Couch Jams - 2:30



KM STUDIOS
111 HASTINGS ST #10
19+

MOLLY POCKET - 8:00
Ivy Hollivana - 8:45
username - 9:30
2girls1DAM - 10:15

KM STUDIOS
111 HASTINGS ST #10
19+

sarya - 8:00
YXSI - 8:45
Ekke - 9:30
Sam Darkoh - 10:15

COBALT BLUE ROOM
917 MAIN ST
19+

DANI YOUR DARLING + Their
Only Friends - 9:30
Coup D'état - 10:15
Doozy - 11:00
girlsnails - 11:45

All Music Waste Shows

\$15/NOTAFLOF

Festival Pass \$40/PIF

Schedule is subject to
change

Visit: musicwaste.ca

for updates

